PRESTON FIGHT;

OR, THE

INSURRECTION OF 1715.

A Tale.

BY

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH,

AUTHOR OF

"BOSCOBEL," "THE MANCHESTER REBELS OF '45," "THE TOWER OF LONDON," AND "WINDSOR CASTLE," &c. &c. &c.

My Lord Derwentwater he did swear,
If that Proud Preston he came near,
Ere the Right should starve, and the Wrong shall stand,
He would drive them into some foreign land.

Old Lancashire Ballad.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

TINSLEY BROTHERS, 8, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.

1875.

[*Right of Translation reserved by the Author.*]

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/prestonfightorin00ains_3

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

BOOK IV.—THE RISING IN NORTHUMBERLAND—*continued.*

IV.

PAGE

THE MAIDEN'S WALK 3

V.

HOW CHARLES RADCLYFFE PROVOKED SIR WILLIAM LORRAINE 10

VI.

HOW CHARLES RADCLYFFE JOINED THE EARL AT THE HUT 21

VII.

HOW THE MAGISTRATES AND THE MILITIAMEN WERE FORCED TO QUIT THE CASTLE 25

VIII.

HOW THE EARL TOOK LEAVE OF THE COUNTESS . 33

IX.

MAD JACK HALL OF OTTERBURN 39

X.

PAGE

THE RACE ON SIMONSIDE 46

XI.

WANNY CRAGS 52

XII.

WARKWORTH CASTLE 61

XIII.

ORGANISATION OF THE FORCE 70

XIV.

THE EARL'S BRIEF VISIT TO DILSTON . . . 77

XV.

HOW THE EARL WAS RESCUED BY NATHAN THE WOOD-CUTTER 82

BOOK V.—THE MARCH FROM HEXHAM TO LONGTOWN.

I.

THE JUNCTION WITH THE SOUTH-COUNTRY SCOTS . 91

II.

MACKINTOSH'S ACHIEVEMENTS 99

III.

SUNDAY AT KELSO 109

IV.

A COUNCIL OF WAR 114

V.

PAGE

FURTHER DISSENSIONS 123

VI.

THE HIGHLANDERS REFUSE TO CROSS THE BORDER . 131

VII.

LORD WIDDRINGTON RETURNS FROM LANCASHIRE . 135

BOOK VI.—THE MARCH FROM PENRITH TO PRESTON.

I.

THE ROUT ON PENRITH FELL 145

II.

MADAM BELLINGHAM 154

III.

HORNBY CASTLE 164

IV.

SIR HENRY HOGHTON AND THE QUAKER . . . 179

V.

HOW THE PRISONERS IN LANCASTER CASTLE WERE RELEASED. 186

VI.

LANCASHIRE WITCHES 199

BOOK VII.—THE ATTACK.

I.

PAGE

PROUD PRESTON 215

II.

HOW KING JAMES WAS PROCLAIMED FOR THE LAST TIME 227

III.

THE COUNTESS AND DOROTHY ARRIVE AT PRESTON . 233

IV.

MRS. SCARISBRICK 244

V.

IMPORTANT RECRUITS 254

VI.

THE BALL AT THE TOWN-HALL 262

VII.

RALPH FAIRBROTHER 272

VIII.

APATHY OF GENERAL FORSTER 279

IX.

PARSON WOODS OF CHOWBENT 285

PRESTON FIGHT.

Book the Fourth.

[CONTINUED.]

THE RISING IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

IV.

THE MAIDEN'S WALK.

DESPITE his melancholy forebodings, the earl little dreamed this would be the last night he should ever pass at the castle. He attended mass in the little chapel, and held a long consultation with his brother, Charles Radclyffe, who had now returned from Corbridge, as to the best steps to be taken.

"'Tis unlucky that our friends are scat-

tered at this moment," said the earl. "Had we been able to unite, instead of flying from arrest, we might have attacked Newcastle, and, if we had succeeded in capturing the place, we should have been masters of the county."

"This may yet be accomplished," said Charles Radclyffe.

"Not unless we can get together a sufficient force," said the earl. "Forster and Lord Widdrington may not like to make the attempt, as I know they both deem it very hazardous. We shall hear what Widdrington says on his return from Lancashire."

"Shall I appoint a meeting if I can find means of communicating with them?" asked Charles Radclyffe. "And where shall the place of rendezvous be fixed?"

"At Plainfield or thereabouts," replied the earl. "Ten days hence I will be there,

unless I am prevented, and will bring with me all the men I can muster."

"I will find some means of sending this information to Forster," said Charles Radclyffe; "and he will communicate with Widdrington. If the Earl of Mar would send us a Highland regiment it would help us greatly. "Shall I write to him in your name?"

"Do so without delay," said the earl. "The rising will never be successful unless our force is materially strengthened."

"All your instructions shall be attended to," said Charles Radclyffe, "and I trust nothing will go wrong to-morrow."

The rest of the evening was spent in affectionate converse by the earl and countess. There were no guests in the house, so they sat together till supper, when they were joined by Charles Radclyffe and Father Norham.

The countess was in excellent spirits, and laughed at the threatened visit of the magistrates. If the earl was not equally free from apprehension he contrived to assume a cheerful aspect.

Next morning, soon after daybreak, Lord Derwentwater arose. The countess was still slumbering, but before he took his departure he stooped down to print a kiss on her brow. Instantly awakened, she flung her arms round his neck, and bade him adieu.

"I have had a very happy dream," she said; "and I hope it may come true. I thought the king was restored, and chiefly by your instrumentality."

"Much has to be done ere that can be accomplished," rejoined the earl. "But I do not despair."

"I wish you could remain here, and resist the officers," she said. "How pleased I should be to see them driven hence!"

"There is no chance of such a result," said the earl. "We must bide our time. In a few days we shall take the field."

Tenderly embracing her, he then quitted the room.

None of the household were astir as Lord Derwentwater went forth. He gave one look at the mansion, heaved a deep sigh, and proceeded towards the wood.

The morning was grey and misty, the trees in the park could scarcely be distinguished, and the brook at the bottom of the glen was hidden by vapour.

Gloomy thoughts likewise possessed him, and as he tracked the sombre alley, he thought he beheld a female figure, arrayed in white, advancing towards him.

Not doubting it was the Maiden, he instantly stopped.

In another moment the phantom stood before him. Its looks were sad and com-

passionate, but it spoke not, and terror kept him dumb.

After remaining thus transfixed for a few moments, he broke the spell and moved forwards, but the phantom waved him back, and he again halted.

With another warning gesture, accompanied by a look of indescribable pity, the figure vanished.

Not for some minutes after issuing from the alley, did the earl recover from the shock he had received, and he was still leaning for support against a tree, when he was roused by the approach of the woodcutter and his dog.

"I fear your lordship is unwell?" remarked Nathan.

"No," replied the earl, "but I have been much alarmed. I have just seen the Maiden."

"Then I don't wonder your lordship is

disturbed," said the woodcutter. "May I venture to ask what occurred?"

"The spirit warned me to turn back," said the earl. "But it is now too late."

The woodcutter made no remark, but seemed to think that the warning ought not to be neglected.

On reaching the hut, Lord Derwentwater threw himself into the arm-chair and presently fell asleep. Nor did he awake for some hours.

During this interval, Dame Blacklaw moved about as noiselessly as she could, so as not to disturb him—Cheviot crouched at his feet—and Nathan went on with his work outside; but he left it, ever and anon, for a short space, while he flew to the skirts of the woods to reconnoitre.

V.

HOW CHARLES RADCLYFFE PROVOKED SIR WILLIAM LORRAINE.

About nine o'clock on the same morning, the Newcastle magistrates arrived at the castle. They were attended by certain subordinate officers, armed with sword and pistol, and by a party of horse-militia.

As the gate had been thrown wide open by the porter, they all rode into the court, and the chief persons—three in number—proceeded to the entrance and dismounted.

Among them was Sir William Lorraine, who, though he had long ceased to be high sheriff, was still a magistrate. As on the former expedition, Sir William was accompanied by his active agent, Jesmond, who was determined not to be duped on the present occasion. While the magistrates and the others entered the court, Jesmond and his comrade Hedgeley fastened up their horses and proceeded to the garden to look about them.

As may well be supposed, the noise and clatter caused by this large party of horsemen, had brought forth all the servants, and when the magistrates dismounted at the steps, they were met by Newbiggin and two or three others.

In return to their obeisances, Sir William, as the principal magistrate, said in a loud authoritative tone to Newbiggin:

"Conduct us at once to the Earl of Der-

wentwater. We hold a warrant for his arrest."

"His lordship is not within," replied the butler, with formal politeness.

"Where is he?" demanded Sir William. "We must see him."

"I don't see how that can be managed, Sir William, seeing that his lordship is in Lancashire," rejoined Newbiggin.

"In Lancashire!" exclaimed Sir William. "He must have travelled very quickly. I know he was here yesterday."

"Yes, Sir William, but he intended to ride throughout the night, and I make no doubt he is in Lancashire this morning."

"Then he has fled?"

"Pardon me, Sir William, he has gone on a visit to some of his Roman Catholic friends."

"Harkee, sirrah!" cried Mr. Woodburn, another of the magistrates. "Take care

how you attempt to deceive us. You will not go unpunished."

"Perhaps you would like to see her ladyship, gentlemen—or Mr. Charles Radclyffe?" said Mr. Newbiggin.

"It will be necessary to see them both, and to search the house as well," said Mr. Woodburn.

"You will be good enough to state your wishes to her ladyship, sir," rejoined the butler. "I dare say she will make no objection. Be pleased to step this way, gentlemen."

He then conducted them across the hall to the dining-room, where they found Lady Derwentwater, Mr. Charles Radclyffe, and Father Norham at breakfast.

Her ladyship looked very charming in her morning toilette, and seemed in no way discomposed by the entrance of the magistrates. Still holding the cup of cho-

colate, from which she was sipping, she arose and made them a formal courtesy.

"These gentlemen are Newcastle magistrates, my lady," said the butler, significantly.

"I understand," she replied. "You have explained that his lordship is not at home?"

"Yes, my lady; but they are not content with my assurance."

"Your ladyship must be fully aware," said Sir William, sententiously, "that the Earl of Derwentwater has incurred the suspicion of Government, and will not therefore be surprised to learn that we hold a warrant for his arrest. We cannot depart without him."

"That implies a doubt as to the truth of the statement you have just heard, that his lordship is not at home," observed the countess.

"Where her husband's safety is con-

cerned, a wife may perhaps consider herself justified in duping the authorities," remarked Sir William. "If I seem to doubt your ladyship's word, you must excuse me."

"Then I will say no more, but leave you to take your own course," she rejoined.

"We will put your ladyship to as little inconvenience as we can," said Mr. Woodburn. "But we must search the house."

"Search as much as you please, gentlemen, you will be disappointed" remarked Charles Radclyffe. "I will give you my head if you find Lord Derwentwater here."

"I know you to be a man of honour, sir," said Sir William, "and therefore am inclined to believe you."

"Inclined to believe me, sir!" exclaimed Charles Radclyffe, furiously. "'Sdeath, sir, you *shall* believe me, or render an immediate account of your incredulity."

"If you have a quarrel to arrange, pray step out upon the lawn," remarked Lady Derwentwater.

"At any other time, I should not refuse Mr. Charles Radclyffe's challenge," said Sir William. "But just now I have a duty to perform, and shall not be deterred by an idle threat. I must again express my conviction that Lord Derwentwater is concealed in the house."

"Then make a careful search, Sir William," said the countess. "And if you cannot disprove Mr. Charles Radclyffe's assertion, you are bound to offer him an apology."

Turning to Father Norham, she added, "Your reverence will be good enough to conduct these gentlemen over the house. Go with them, likewise, Newbiggin."

"I shall take leave to make one of the party," said Charles Radclyffe.

Thereupon, they quitted the dining-room, leaving the countess alone.

This was the second time that Sir William Lorraine had made a perquisition of the house, and he was able, therefore, to get through the business with despatch. But he had to brook a great many insolent observations from Charles Radclyffe, who lost no opportunity of provoking him. The search occupied more than an hour, and when it was concluded, and the magistrates were obliged to confess their failure, Charles burst into a contemptuous laugh, and said:

"This is on a par with your great feat at Bamborough, Sir William, which gained you so much reputation in the county, when you were high sheriff."

"You do well to remind me of the trick played upon me at that time," said Sir William, greatly exasperated. "I have not forgotten it, though Mr. Forster and some

others may wish I had. I think, sir, you will be safest at Newcastle, and since I cannot secure Lord Derwentwater, I will take you with me, and hold you as a hostage for your brother."

"Do not imagine I will accompany you, Sir William," said Charles.

"You will have no option," rejoined the other. "You will be taken as a prisoner."

"I scarcely think so," said Charles. "You have no warrant, and I will resist any attempt to arrest me."

This angry colloquy took place in the hall, and was overheard by several of the servants, who were ready to rush to Charles Radclyffe's assistance, should he need them.

Just then, Jesmond and Hedgeley came in, and the magistrates called out to them.

Profiting by this interval, Father Norham urged the rash young man to fly, and he yielded to the counsel.

Drawing his sword, he ran along a passage communicating with the terrace. But he was quickly followed both by the magistrates and the officers, and it seemed that a conflict would take place on the terrace, for the servants were likewise hurrying to the same spot.

The windows of the dining-room, in which the countess was still sitting, commanded the scene of action, and hearing a noise she came forward to see what was taking place.

She beheld Charles Radclyffe standing there, with his drawn sword, threatening any one who approached him. Feeling, however, that if any catastrophe occurred, the consequences would be disastrous, he formed a different resolution, and at once acted upon it.

Springing to the side of the terrace, that bordered the ravine, he flung his sword into the hollow, and then plunged

down the rocky sides of the abyss, certain no one would follow him in this perilous descent.

Those who looked down from the terrace, saw him reach the banks of the Devil's Water in safety, pick up his sword, and then disappear among the bushes.

Jesmond, who had drawn a pistol, would have fired at him, but this Sir William Lorraine would not allow.

"Capture him, if you can," he said. "But he must not be wounded—unless he resists."

But it did not appear likely that anything more would be seen of him.

VI.

HOW CHARLES RADCLYFFE JOINED THE EARL AT THE HUT.

After slumbering tranquilly for three or four hours in the arm-chair Lord Derwentwater roused himself, and breakfasted with a very good appetite on the simple fare provided for him by Dame Blacklaw.

He next occupied himself in examining some papers which he carried in a small portfolio, and was still thus employed when Cheviot, who had never left him, suddenly raised his head, and gave a low growl.

"He hears something," observed Dame Blacklaw. "But there can be no danger, or Nathan would have come to warn your lordship."

After listening for a moment, Cheviot got up and began to whine, and the door being opened, he rushed forth, and a joyous bark was instantly heard outside.

Curious to learn who was there, Lord Derwentwater hastily put up his papers, and went out.

To his great surprise, he found the newcomer was his brother, who told him in a few words what had taken place, and though the earl blamed him for his imprudence, he felt greatly enraged against Sir William Lorraine.

"I should like to drive these magistrates from the castle," he said.

"If you are of that mind, it may still be done," rejoined Charles. "But for your

express orders to the contrary, I would have shut the gates, and shown them fight."

"But no preparations had been made," said the earl.

"There you are mistaken," returned Charles. "I was quite ready. All the tenants and retainers are stationed at the farm; all the horses have been taken there; all the arms and ammunition have been removed from the old tower, and deposited in one of the barns; all the grooms and active men-servants are likewise at the farm."

"And you have done all this without consulting me?" cried the earl.

"It was done at the urgent request of the countess," replied Charles. "She said, 'It is not fitting that the Earl of Derwentwater should hide in hovels, when the gentry are in arms for their lawful sove-

reign. It shall never be said that the officers came to Dilston to arrest him, and were allowed to depart as they came. If no one else will do it, I will drive them hence.' I dissuaded her from this bold step, but I agreed to get all ready with the design of effecting your rescue if you should fall into their hands."

"You have done well, Charles," cried the earl, "and I thank you. Let us to the farm at once, and if the enemy are still at the castle we will soon expel them."

"This resolution is worthy of you, my lord," said Charles. "I fear your flight might have been misconstrued."

Thinking Nathan might be useful, the earl bade him follow, and hastened away with his brother.

VII.

HOW THE MAGISTRATES AND THE MILITIAMEN WERE FORCED TO QUIT THE CASTLE.

THE farm to which reference has just been made, lay on the other side of the castle, and was distant about half a mile from the woodcutter's hut.

The earl and his companions, however, proceeded so expeditiously that they were soon there, but as they were tracking a lane that led to the farm buildings they encountered a man, who had evidently

been reconnoitring the place, and instantly secured him.

This proved to be Jesmond, and though armed, he did not offer any resistance—probably thinking it would be useless. Disarming him, and giving the weapons to Nathan, the earl told the latter to shoot the man if he attempted to fly.

An additional guard was found in Cheviot, who had followed his master, and cut off all chance of the prisoner's escape.

In some respects this was an important capture, and the earl hoped to turn it to account. At any rate, he had ascertained that the party were still at the castle, and felt sure he should take them by surprise.

On entering the farm-yard the earl found between thirty and forty stalwart yeomen collected there.

All of them had got good strong horses, and had pistols in their holsters and swords

by the side. With them were half a dozen grooms. The sight of these sturdy fellows sent a thrill through the earl's breast, and he reproached himself with not having confided to them the defence of the castle. They would have set up a shout on his appearance, but he checked them. Very few minutes sufficed to arrange matters. All the yeomen were quickly in the saddle.

Mounted on his favourite dapple-grey steed, which had been brought to the farmyard, the Earl of Derwentwater put himself at the head of his troop, and bade them follow him to the castle—but ere they arrived there they received an important reinforcement.

Colonel Oxburgh, Captain Wogan, and the rest of that gallant little band, who still held together, were then at Hexham, and having learnt that the magistrates of Newcastle, attended by a party of horse-

militia, designed to arrest Lord Derwentwater, they set off to the earl's assistance, and arrived in the very nick of time.

They were galloping up the chestnut avenue at the very time when the earl brought his troop from the farm. An immediate explanation took place; and on hearing how matters stood, Colonel Oxburgh exclaimed, "I think we can take them prisoners."

They then rode quickly forward, and finding that the whole of the militiamen were in the court, they drew up in front of the gate, so as to prevent the departure of the intruders.

After this successful manœuvre, which was very quickly executed, Lord Derwentwater and the principal persons with him advanced into the court.

Here all was confusion and dismay. Most of the militiamen had dismounted, and

were scattered about the court in a very disorderly manner.

While their leader was shouting to them to mount, Lord Derwentwater dashed up to him, and seizing his bridle, demanded his sword.

The officer held back for a moment, but seeing that the gate was strongly guarded, and retreat impossible, he yielded, and the men did not seem inclined to offer any further opposition.

Hitherto the magistrates had been inside the house, but they now came forth to see what was going on, and no sooner had they done so than the door was shut and barred behind them.

They were contemplating the scene with dismay, when Lord Derwentwater and his friends came up.

"The tables are turned, you perceive, gentlemen," said the earl, in a mocking

tone. "You have come here to arrest me, and are made prisoners yourselves."

"But your lordship won't detain us," rejoined Sir William.

"I have no wish to put you to inconvenience, but I shall not let you go, unless you engage to return direct to Newcastle."

After a short consultation with his brother magistrates, Sir William said, "We agree."

"You must also deliver up the warrant, and undertake that no further attempt shall be made to arrest me," said the earl.

"Your lordship must feel that we cannot enter into such an engagement," replied Mr. Woodburn. "We will deliver up the warrant, but we cannot tell what steps may be taken."

"Well, I advise you not to come again on the like errand," said the earl. "One of your officers has fallen into my hands.

I shall keep him as a hostage, and if aught happens contrary to our present understanding, I will most assuredly shoot him. Now, gentlemen, you are free to depart as soon as you please."

Thereupon, the magistrates came down from the perron, on the summit of which they had been standing, and mounted their horses.

By this time all the militiamen were in the saddle, and ready for departure. They muttered threats against the Jacobites, but were glad to escape a conflict with them. When Jesmond found he was to be detained, he begged hard to be set free; but his entreaties were disregarded.

The yeomen who had hitherto blocked up the gateway were now removed by Charles Radclyffe, and there was nothing to prevent the departure of the intruders, when a large upper window of the mansion

was opened, and the Countess of Derwentwater appeared at it.

In her hand she bore a silken banner, embroidered with the badge of the Chevalier de Saint George. Waving the banner above the assemblage, she called out in a loud clear voice, distinctly heard by all, "Long live King James the Third! and down with the Hanoverian Usurper!"

Deafening shouts arose from the Jacobites, amidst which the magistrates and the militiamen passed through the gateway.

VIII.

HOW THE EARL TOOK LEAVE OF THE COUNTESS.

"At length the decisive step is taken," cried Lord Derwentwater. "Now there can be no turning back. I do not think it will be safe to remain longer at Dilston, and I would join Forster if I knew where to find him."

"Two days hence he will be at Rothbury," said Colonel Oxburgh. "I had a letter from him by express this very morning. He is moving about the country,

picking up all the recruits he can. He has now, it seems, got forty or fifty gentlemen with him—all High Church Tories, of course—and all well mounted and well armed."

"A good beginning," cried the earl. "I will set out at once for Rothbury, and take all my own men with me. No doubt, we shall largely increase our force, as soon as we take the field."

"That is certain," said Colonel Oxburgh. "But we must get together without delay. Since Forster will not come here, we must go to him. Do not let your resolution cool, my lord. Let us start at once!"

"It shall be so," cried the earl.

The determination was acted upon. The men displayed great loyalty and spirit. On being informed by the earl that he was about to take the field forthwith, they expressed the utmost willingness to follow him, and fight for King James.

As the Earl of Derwentwater was too devout to start on such an expedition as the present, without invoking Divine aid and protection, and as all his tenants and retainers were of the same religion as himself, mass was performed by Father Norham in the little chapel, at which the whole party assisted. The countess likewise was present, and was deeply affected.

It was a touching sight to see all those rude soldiers kneeling there and imploring Heaven's blessing upon their arms. But there were others there, equally earnest in their prayers—Colonel Oxburgh and his brave companions, with Charles Radclyffe. All these were gathered in front of the altar near the earl, and received the priestly benediction.

When the service was over, all immediately left the chapel, except the earl and

countess, who remained there for a short time longer.

Their parting was sorrowful, for both felt they might never meet again. The countess was more overcome than she expected. During the visit of the magistrates she had been greatly excited, but a reaction had since taken place, and she was now proportionately depressed. Her beautiful head fell upon the earl's breast, and she wept aloud.

"I do not like to leave you thus, dearest Anna," he said.

"Heed me not!" she rejoined, gazing at him with streaming eyes. "This will soon be past. I would not have you defer your departure for an hour on my account. Come back as soon as you can—but come not back till you have restored the king!"

"Then I may never return," said the earl, gloomily.

"Do not despair!" she cried. "Be of good heart, and you will triumph. Night and morn, I will pray at this altar for success to your arms. And since your cause is just, Heaven will grant my prayer! And now farewell! If you stay too long here, your resolution may waver."

"No fear of that!" cried the earl, again straining her to his breast. "Farewell! farewell!"

He then tore himself away, but when he reached the door of the chapel, he turned to take a last look at her.

She was again kneeling at the altar, and did not see him.

Meanwhile, the yeomen had been taken to the butler's pantry, where they lost no time in discussing the plentiful repast prepared for them, and having washed down the viands with some jugs of strong ale, re-mounted their horses.

Refreshments and wine were likewise served in the entrance-hall, of which the Jacobite gentlemen partook.

Before going forth each drank the king's health in a large goblet of claret, and each drew his sword and devoted it to the king's service.

Soon after this the court was empty, and the various horsemen, who had lately filled it, were seen speeding along the chestnut avenue, with the Earl of Derwentwater at their head, mounted on his dapple-grey steed.

IX.

MAD JACK HALL OF OTTERBURN.

HALTING at Corbridge, the earl and his companions drew their swords, and proclaimed James the Third.

Here half a dozen gentlemen joined them, and they obtained some further recruits as they went on.

One of the chief partisans of the Stuarts in the county was Mr. Hall, of Otterburn, in Redesdale. A man of ancient family and considerable property, but of eccentric

character and ungovernable temper, he was known by the name of "Mad Jack Hall of Otterburn."

Under ordinary circumstances it was difficult to get on with a person so quarrelsome, and he was therefore left out of many Jacobite meetings; but it being now necessary that every friend of the cause should be mustered, Squire Hall was far too important to be omitted. Lord Derwentwater had therefore resolved to visit Otterburn, and see what could be done with the crazy laird. He mentioned his design to Colonel Oxburgh and the others, who entirely approved of it.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, after riding for the most part across the country, they entered a wild district, erstwhile the scene of many a Border foray; and after tracking it for some miles reached

the picturesque village of Otterburn, where the famous battle was fought.

Before them rose the still proud pile that had so stoutly resisted the attack of the Scots. Through the valley flowed the now clear Otter, once been dyed red with blood, while its banks were covered with slain.

The approach of the party had evidently been observed, for as they drew near the castle, a tall man sallied forth from the gateway, and greeted them with a loud shout.

Lord Derwentwater and those with him at once recognised the Laird of Otterburn, and were glad to find him at home.

In age, Squire Hall might be forty-five—perhaps not quite so much—but his deep red complexion seemed to indicate that he drank hard, and his countenance had cer-

tainly a wild expression. But his deportment was quite that of a gentleman. He wore a green riding-dress laced with silver, a black riding-wig, and a small three-cornered hat, likewise bound with silver lace, and had a sword by his side.

That he understood what had brought the party to Otterburn was clear, as also, that he was quite ready to join them, for he took off his hat, and shouted at the top of a stentorian voice, "Long live King James!"

The shout was repeated by the newcomers, and so lustily that all the villagers rushed to their doors.

After cordially greeting Lord Derwentwater and those with him, all of whom were friends, the squire led the whole party into the court-yard of the castle, and then told them they must not think of leaving him till the morrow.

"Don't imagine you will incommode me," he said. "There is plenty of room in the old castle. To-day we will drink the king's health. To-morrow we will muster our forces, and prepare to fight his enemies. Forster, I hear, is at Rothbury, and if I hadn't joined your lordship, I should have joined him."

Very well satisfied with their hearty reception, the earl and his friends with the whole troop dismounted, and were shortly afterwards installed in various parts of the castle.

That beds were found for all of them —or even half—we do not pretend to say; but in some way or other they were accommodated.

Later on in the day a substantial dinner was served in the old banqueting-hall.

A great deal of wine was drunk that

night, as was generally the case at Otterburn, and it would have been strange indeed if a quarrel had not occurred between the choleric laird and some of his guests.

For a time, Squire Hall appeared in remarkably good humour. He proposed a great number of Jacobite toasts, all of which were drunk with enthusiasm, but at length he propounded a plan for taking Newcastle by surprise, and its absurdity being pointed out to him by Colonel Oxburgh he flew into a violent rage, and told the colonel he was not fit to command a regiment.

The colonel immediately arose to leave the table, and Lord Derwentwater insisted that the squire should at once withdraw the offensive observation. Instead of doing so, the squire sprang from his chair, drew his sword, and dared Colonel Oxburgh to meet

him ; but while gesticulating fiercely he fell to the ground, and could not get up again. In this state he was carried off to bed, and next morning he had forgotten all about the occurrence.

X.

THE RACE ON SIMONSIDE.

After a capital breakfast, the whole party —now increased by Squire Hall and half a dozen men—rode from Otterburn to Simonside, one of the loftiest and most striking hills in Northumberland. The summit of this remarkable eminence is a complete plateau, and the views commanded from it on all sides are extraordinarily fine, the whole range of the Cheviots being visible on the west, and the German Ocean on the east.

As the party were riding across this wide plain, with the intention of descending the north side, and proceeding to Rothbury, Squire Hall, who had been tolerably quiet during the morning, proposed to ride a race with Charles Radclyffe for twenty guineas.

"We will ride from here to Rothbury," he said; "and whoever gets there first, shall be deemed the winner."

Charles Radclyffe instantly accepted the challenge; but the Earl of Derwentwater very reluctantly allowed the match to take place, and only consented from the fear of causing a fresh quarrel with the squire.

Without loss of time, the two gentlemen were placed together, and started at once by the earl. Both were well mounted—both excellent horsemen—but Charles Radclyffe was much the lighter weight, though undoubtedly the squire had the stronger horse.

It was a very pretty sight, to see them as they scoured over the plain, accompanied by the whole troop. The earl's dapple-grey being fleeter than either of the contending steeds, he could have easily led them, had he thought proper, but he did not make the attempt. Nor did he go beyond the edge of the hill.

On looking down the steep slopes, he called to the others to stop, but neither of them heeded him. Both dashed headlong down the hill, and all the lookers-on thought they would come rolling to the bottom.

If ever Squire Hall merited the epithet applied to his name, it was on that day, and Charles Radclyffe appeared little less crazy —the general impression being that both would break their necks. But somehow, the horses kept theirfeet. The squire shouted

lustily, as he continued his mad descent, and Charles was equally excited.

To the astonishment of all the beholders they got down in safety, and were soon afterwards seen crossing the bridge; being then so close together, that it was impossible to say who had won the race.

The Earl of Derwentwater and his companions took an easier and more secure route down. As they approached the old bridge over the Coquet leading to the charming little town, they met the two crazy riders coming to meet them, and inquired who had won.

"We can't settle the point, my lord," replied the squire; "it seems to have been a dead-heat. We shall have to ride the race over again."

"Not on Simonside Hill," replied Lord Derwentwater, laughing. "Have you heard

where Mr. Forster has fixed his head-quarters? I see nothing of him or his troop."

"His head-quarters are now at Wanny Crags," replied the squire. "He has gone there to meet some friends."

"Does he return to Rothbury?" demanded the earl.

"That seems doubtful," replied Charles Radclyffe. "No one can answer for his movements. Probably, he will proceed to Warkworth to meet Lord Widdrington."

"Then we must follow him," said the earl.

Fain would Lord Derwentwater have tarried for a day at Rothbury, which offered many attractions to him, but wishing to effect an immediate junction with Forster, he only halted long enough to allow his men to refresh themselves at the comfort-

able little hostel near the church, where they found good ale.

To reach Wanny Crags, they had again to cross Simonside, and the deciding race was run on the summit, and won by Squire Hall, who was extraordinarily proud of the achievement.

XI.

WANNY CRAGS.

On descending the south side of the hill the earl and his troop passed through a thick forest, and then entered upon a moor, in the midst of which could be seen a remarkable cluster of rocks. These were Wanny Crags, and on the highest of them floated the king's banner, showing that the insurgents had taken up a position there.

On a nearer approach to this singular

station, Forster and his men could be descried, grouped like bandits on the rocks; while a great cleft served as a stable for their horses.

As the earl drew nigh this natural fortress, Forster came down from the lofty point he had occupied and bade him welcome, expressing the greatest satisfaction at beholding him and his friends, and adding, that no doubt now they were come, all would go well.

"You do not mean to pass the night among these rocks, I presume?" said the earl.

"I came hither in the hope of gaining some recruits," replied Forster, "but have been disappointed. If your lordship had not joined me, I should have returned to Rothbury. But now I think it will be best to proceed to Warkworth. The castle is in our hands, and Lord Widdrington will be

there to-morrow with a troop of horse. I hope we shall soon be strong enough to besiege Newcastle."

"Nothing can be decided upon till our forces are organised, and we can ascertain what assistance we are likely to receive from Scotland," said Lord Derwentwater. "From what you say, we shall be able to hold a consultation with Lord Widdrington to-morrow, and can be guided by his advice."

Just then, a sentinel stationed on the highest crag, called out that a troop of horse-militia was coming across the moor on the road from Morpeth, and after Charles Radclyffe had examined the party through a spy-glass he declared it was Sir William Lorraine, and the party he had brought with him to Dilston.

"I recognise Sir William perfectly," he said.

"And so do I!" cried Squire Hall, taking the spy-glass from him. "And I am quite certain he is now on his way to Otterburn to arrest me. Leave me to deal with him. Let the men conceal themselves behind the rocks, so that he may not suspect the presence of so large a party."

Since no harm could be done by humouring the eccentric squire, Lord Derwentwater and Mr. Forster complied with his request, and as he rode off they concealed their men as he had suggested.

As soon as Sir William Lorraine—for he it undoubtedly was—came in sight of Wanny Crags, he was made aware by the flag that a party of insurgents must be posted there.

But this discovery did not prevent him from going on, as he had no idea the rebels were in any force, and did not ima-

gine they could muster more than a dozen at the outside.

As Squire Hall advanced, he recognised him, and called out to him to stop, but the injunction being disregarded he repeated it more authoritatively.

"You are my prisoner, sir," he cried. "I hold a warrant for your arrest."

"I don't think you are likely to execute the warrant, Sir William," rejoined the squire, laughing disdainfully.

"I would not advise you to offer resistance, sir," said Sir William. "And since there is no chance of escape you had better surrender at discretion."

"I surrender!" exclaimed the squire. "I defy you and all your men to arrest me."

So saying, he wheeled round, and galloped back as fast as he could to Wanny Crags.

The magistrate followed with the whole

of his troop. He would not allow them to fire, or the career of the fugitive would soon have been checked.

The squire called out loudly as he drew near the crags, and in answer to the cry, forty or fifty armed insurgents suddenly appeared at various points; while an equal number of horsemen, headed by Lord Derwentwater and Mr. Forster, came from behind the rocks.

Confounded by this unexpected sight, and instantly comprehending the snare into which he had fallen, the magistrate would have fled, but before he could stir, his bridle was seized by Squire Hall, who exclaimed:

"You threatened to arrest me, Sir William. Now you are my prisoner."

While the magistrate was hesitating, Lord Derwentwater called out:

"Bid your men lay down their arms in-

stantly, Sir William, or we shall fire upon them."

"Hold! my lord!" exclaimed the squire. "I am very much mistaken if these worthy fellows are not inclined to join us. Save your lives," he added to the militiamen, "and shout for James the Third!"

"Long live King James!" cried the whole of the troop.

"Ah, traitors! ah, rebels! is it thus you support your king?" cried the magistrate.

"Harkee, Sir William!" cried the squire. "I would recommend you a little more prudence. If you try to take our recruits from us we shall make short work with you. Gentlemen," he added, to the others, "you are now on the right side. Let neither threats now persuasions lure you from it."

"Do you propose to detain me, my lord,

if I consent to deliver up my arms?" said the magistrate to Lord Derwentwater.

"No, Sir William," replied the earl. "I am anxious you should take back tidings of your own defeat to Morpeth. You cannot conceal it, since you will not have your militiamen with you."

With a deeply mortified look Sir William then delivered his sword to Squire Hall, by whom it was handed to Lord Derwentwater, after which the magistrate rode off by himself, and returned to Morpeth.

A very curious scene now took place, as the late enemies fraternised, and professed the greatest regard for each other. All the militiamen seemed now to be ardent Jacobites.

Greatly rejoiced at obtaining such an unexpected reinforcement, the two leaders did all in their power to conciliate the

new recruits, and were by no means sparing in promises.

The party did not remain much longer at Wanny Crags, but proceeded to a hill called the Waterfalls, from the circumstance of a spring running in two different directions. Here they halted for a couple of hours at a large farm-house.

Thence they marched to Warkworth, their road lying for the most part along the banks of the beautiful river Coquet.

XII.

WARKWORTH CASTLE.

NEXT day, the two insurgent chiefs, who were lodged with all their followers in Warkworth Castle, were joined by Lord Widdrington with thirty horsemen.

His lordship would have brought double that number of men, but horses and equipments for them were wanting. Plenty of raw undisciplined infantry could be found, but cavalry were required.

On the whole, however, the prospects of

the insurgents were very encouraging. They had plenty of friends at Alnwick and Morpeth, and an insurrection would undoubtedly have taken place in Newcastle, had it not been checked by the sudden arrival of Sir Charles Hotham's regiment of foot from Yorkshire.

From accounts received from every quarter it was certain that the whole country was in a most disturbed state, and reinforcements, though on a somewhat small scale, were constantly arriving, The insurgents had not been many hours in Warkworth when their numbers were augmented by a hundred horse.

Immediately on the arrival of Lord Widdrington at Warkworth, the first business of the insurgent leaders was to collect all their forces in the court-yard of the castle, and proclaim King James.

A large concourse likewise assembled,

and great enthusiasm prevailed. No locality could have been better chosen for the ceremonial, which produced a very striking effect, and no ill omen attended it. On the contrary, everything appeared auspicious. The day was fine, and the proud old castle looked its best, and seemed to smile upon the scene.

After the proclamation had been made—amid loud flourishes of trumpets and beating of drums, accompanied by the shouts of the assemblage—the royal banner was placed on the Lion Tower.

Later on in the day, a banquet was given in the great baronial hall in the keep, at which all the insurgent officers assisted.

The entertaiment was intended to celebrate the appointment of Mr. Forster as General of the Northumbrian forces, which had taken place that day at the recommendation of the Earl of Derwentwater

and Lord Widdrington, the only persons who could have opposed him.

But they both felt that the commander of the English army must not be a Roman Catholic, and therefore withdrew their own claims, and supported the High Tory squire, who was generally very popular in the county, and to whom objections on the score of religion could not be raised. However deficient Mr. Forster might be in military knowledge and skill, it was thought he would be saved from any grave error by Colonel Oxburgh, whom he proposed to have constantly near him.

The banquet passed off very well, and the best feeling towards the new commander was manifested on all hands.

Some little disturbance was made by the Laird of Otterburn, but it was quickly set right, and General Forster put more constraint upon himself than he had been

accustomed to do in former days at Bamborough.

Next day, the castle began to assume the appearance of a garrison.

The court-yard was filled with recruits, who were continually arriving, and Colonel Oxburgh and Captain Wogan were entirely occupied in examining them.

As much discipline as possible was observed, but in the present state of things it was very difficult to maintain it.

General Forster rode to Alnwick, accompanied by Lord Derwentwater and Lord Widdrington, and attended by a strong guard, and brought back with him some necessary supplies.

On his return he was welcomed by the arrival of a troop of Scottish cavalry (known as the Merse Troop), under the command of the Honourable James Hume, brother to the Earl of Hume.

This was one of the five troops composing the division of South Country Scots now marching into England, from Moffat in Annandale, and commanded by Lord Kenmure.

The Merse troop, it appeared, had marched from Jedburgh, over a mountainous and marshy country to Rothbury, where Captain Hume heard of Forster and Lord Derwentwater, and finding they were now posted at Warkworth, came on thither. Behind, but following the same route, were the four other troops, respectively commanded by the Honourable Basil Hamilton of Beldoun, the Earl of Wintoun, Captain James Dalziel, brother of the Earl of Carnwath, and Captain Lockhart.

The chief command of the South Country Scots, as we have said, belonged to Lord Kenmure.

The Merse troop did not remain long at

Warkworth, but after conferring with General Forster, Captain Hume moved off with his men to Felton, there to await instructions from his commander.

It was, however, agreed that an early meeting should take place at Rothbury between the Northumbrian insurgents and the battalion of the South Country Scots.

By noon next day, so many reinforcements had arrived that General Forster found himself at the head of nearly five hundred men.

Unfavourable news, however, from Newcastle, caused Forster to postpone his meditated attack on the town.

Extraordinary exertions had been made by Sir William Lorraine and the other magistrates, who had raised train-bands, seized and imprisoned all the Papists, and shut the gates. Furthermore, it was stated that seven hundred of the inhabitants had

formed themselves into a company of volunteers, and that the keelmen, most of whom were Presbyterians, and strongly opposed to the Stuarts, had offered an additional body of seven hundred men.

But by far the most alarming piece of intelligence was, that General Carpenter had been sent by Government in pursuit of the rebels, with three regiments of dragoons and Sir Charles Hotham's regiment of foot, and was now within a day's march of Newcastle.

After consultation with his advisers, General Forster did not think it prudent to give battle to Carpenter till he could be certain of the support of Lord Kenmure and Brigadier Mackintosh, and he therefore determined to move to Hexham.

Accordingly, on the following day, he marched with his whole force to Morpeth, and on the common near the town was

joined by the Merse troop. Learning that General Carpenter had reached Newcastle, he continued his march to Hexham.

Not without great reluctance was the proposed attack on Newcastle abandoned by the insurgents, for had they gained that important town, they would have been masters of the county.

XIII.

ORGANISATION OF THE FORCE.

Lord Derwentwater was close to his own domains, and a messenger having been sent to Dilston to acquaint the countess with the arrival of the insurgent army at Hexham, she immediately rode over thither, accompanied by Dorothy Forster, who was staying with her at the time.

Though rejoiced to see her husband, the countess appeared greatly disappointed that

so little had been achieved, and told the earl she would rather have heard from him at Newcastle, than have seen him at Hexham.

Nor did Dorothy Forster show more consideration to her brother, but blamed him severely for quitting Warkworth.

"What could we do there?" cried the general. "We should have been cut off from a junction with our Scottish allies and compelled to surrender."

"Now you have lost the whole of the coast from Bamborough to Newcastle," cried Dorothy.

"One daring deed has been done," said the earl. "The fort on Holy Island has been surprised by Lancelot Errington. But I fear he will not be able to hold it."

"You ought to go to his succour," said Dorothy to her brother.

"You expect impossibilities from us," replied the general.

"Nothing is impossible," rejoined Dorothy. "I shall never be content till you have fought a battle and gained a victory. I do not like a retreat."

"Women know nothing of warfare," said the general, shrugging his shoulders.

Just then an express arrived from Lord Kenmure, saying that he had arrived at Rothbury with the whole of his force, and desired to know whether he should remain there, or advance.

"Bid him advance!" cried Dorothy.

"Methinks I had best resign my command to you," observed the general. "But I must beg you to cease this interference." Then addressing the messenger, he said, "Go back to his lordship, and say I will join him to-morrow at Rothbury."

"Hold, general," cried the countess. "Had you not better give this matter some consideration?"

"It requires none," replied Forster. "Take my message to Lord Kenmure," he added to the messenger, who immediately departed.

After some further conversation, the countess and Dorothy, who had not dismounted, rode back through the woods to the castle.

Meanwhile, Charles Radclyffe and Captain John Shaftoe had set off to Dilston with a dozen men, and after searching the old tower and some other places, brought back all the arms they could find.

A very important matter had now to be settled, which had already been too long deferred. This was the organisation of the force, and in carrying out this necessary

measure Colonel Oxburgh was of utmost use.

After some deliberation it was decided that the division commanded by General Forster should consist of five troops, of which that of the Earl of Derwentwater ranked first, and was to be commanded by Charles Radclyffe and Captain John Shaftoe, whom we have just mentioned. The second troop, belonging to Lord Widdrington, was to be commanded by Captain Thomas Errington of Beaufront, who had formerly been in the French service, and was brother of Lancelot Errington, who had just surprised Holy Island.

The third and fourth troops were respectively commanded by Captain John Hunter and Captain Robert Douglas, the first of whom had been a contraband trader of great daring and skill, and the other a

Border farmer, who had been employed by Forster in searching for horses and arms, and had been extraordinarily successful.

Some objection was made to these two persons on the score of position, but it was urged by Forster that they would be of great use.

The fifth and last troop was commanded by Captain Wogan.

The first and second troops were composed of gentlemen, who were quite as well mounted and well armed as their leaders. Many of them had thoroughbred horses—much better adapted for speed than endurance—and the rest were provided with hunters. Not being able to procure military saddles, they were obliged to content themselves with those in ordinary use; and their equipments were by no means complete.

Still, in spite of these drawbacks, they presented a very gallant appearance when drawn up in the market-place to proclaim King James.

XIV.

THE EARL'S BRIEF VISIT TO DILSTON.

After the business of the day was concluded General Forster and the officers sat down to dinner, but Lord Derwentwater excused himself from joining the party as he wished to ride over to Dilston. He did not take a servant with him, and said he should return by midnight.

It was growing dusk as he rode through the woods that skirted his domains, but it was quite light enough to enable him to

distinguish the castle. His heart was sad as he gazed at it, for he felt he could not remain there. The place seemed his own no longer.

However, he strove to stifle these painful feelings, and they soon gave way to other emotions.

Still, he could not banish the notion that the place was changed, though in what respect he could scarcely tell, for a groom came to take his horse, and Newbiggin welcomed him at the entrance, and with a manifestation of delight that could not fail to touch his master.

"I hope your lordship is coming to remain with us—at least, for a few days?" said the butler.

"Alas! no," replied the earl. "I must return to Hexham to-night, and to-morrow morning we march to Rothbury."

The butler looked quite cast down.

"I fear Dilston will never again be what it was, my lord," he said. "How I wish your lordship could give up this perilous expedition and return to us."

"That is impossible, Newbiggin," said the earl, scarcely able to repress a sigh. "I must go on now. But where is the countess?"

"She is here," cried a well-known voice.

And next moment she flew towards him, and was clasped in his arms.

It is very questionable whether Lord Derwentwater's brief visit to his mansion was not productive of more pain to him than pleasure.

So many fresh anxieties were aroused that they marred his happiness, and the moments flew by so quickly that they seemed gone ere they could be numbered. How much had he to say to the countess! And yet how little was said. Half the time

they sat together they were silent, but it was a silence more eloquent than words. And when the countess spoke it was ever to incite him to brave deeds.

After awhile they were joined by Dorothy Forster and Father Norham, and then the conversation turned chiefly on the incidents of the march. The countess and Dorothy still believed that the insurrection would be successful, but the priest was less hopeful.

"But where and when will the battle be fought that is to give the crown to King James?" inquired Dorothy.

"That I cannot tell you," replied the earl. "But I do not think it will be fought in Scotland, though we shall probably march there to meet our allies. However, a few days may decide. General Carpenter is now at Newcastle, with four regiments of dragoons, and we have yet to learn his plans. Should he not find out we have flown, he

may march to attack us at Hexham, and then you will see him here."

Never did the devout Earl of Derwentwater neglect his religious duties. Mass was therefore performed at the little chapel before his departure, and at the conclusion of the service he did not re-enter the mansion, but tenderly embracing the countess, bade farewell to her and Dorothy, and mounting his dapple-grey steed took his way alone through the wood to Hexham.

XV.

HOW THE EARL WAS RESCUED BY NATHAN THE WOODCUTTER.

THE moon was shining brightly, but her beams could not penetrate the depths of the narrow forest road along which he had proceeded for nearly a mile when he heard the sound of horses' feet behind him.

Not for a moment imagining it could be an enemy, but thinking it highly probable a messenger might have been sent after him by the countess, he halted.

"Is your lordship there?" cried a voice.

"Ay," he replied. "What would you with me?"

"You must be pleased to come back with us," rejoined the speaker. "You are wanted at the castle."

"What has happened," cried the earl uneasily.

No immediate answer being returned, his suspicions were aroused—especially as he could hear the two horsemen, who had now come up, talking together in a low tone—and he was just about to gallop off, when one of the men dashed suddenly forward, seized his bridle, and presenting a pistol at his head, told him he was a prisoner.

"Ah! I now know who and what you are, villains," cried the earl.

"We are loyal subjects of King George, my lord," replied the man who held his bridle, "and as such are bound to capture

all those who appear in arms against him. We have been very lucky to-night in arresting a rebel leader. Your lordship will not be surprised to learn that we intend to take you as a prisoner to Newcastle."

The earl expressed the wrathful exclamation that rose to his lips, and said:

"Have any of my household turned traitors?"

"No, my lord," replied the man. "You may set your mind at ease on that score. All your servants are true to you. We are Sir William Lorraine's officers, and have been employed by him to watch Dilston. We were therefore aware of your visit this evening, and followed you on your return to Hexham, being resolved on your arrest."

"If your lordship is content to go with us quietly," said the other man, "we will show you every attention. But if you attempt to escape, we will shoot you through

the head, without hesitation. And now be pleased to deliver up your arms."

"I have no arms except my sword," replied the earl, "and I will part with life rather than with it."

While the man, whose hands were disengaged, was striving to take the weapon from him, the fierce barking of a dog was heard, accompanied by shouts, and the earl at once comprehending from the sounds that Nathan the woodcutter was at hand with Cheviot, called out loudly:

"To the rescue, Nathan; to the rescue!"

"Here I am, my lord," responded the sturdy woodcutter, as he and his hound burst through the trees.

A bullet whistled past his head, as he appeared on the scene, but luckily did him no injury.

Next moment, however, the stout cudgel he grasped was falling heavily upon the

earl's captors, while Cheviot's fierce barking terrified their horses so much, that the animals broke away in spite of their riders' efforts to restrain them, and being allowed no rest by the hound who continued to attack their heels, were soon driven off altogether.

"I shall not forget the great service you have just rendered me, Nathan," said Lord Derwentwater. "But for you these villains would have carried me off as a prisoner."

"I am right glad I arrived in time," replied the woodcutter. "Cheviot warned me of your lordship's danger."

"Ah! did he so?" cried the earl.

And when the faithful animal came back from the chase, he warmly praised him and caressed him.

"Now, hie thee to the castle, Nathan," said the earl. "See her ladyship, and tell her from what a peril you have rescued

me. She will know how to recompense you."

"I want no recompense, my lord," replied the honest woodcutter. "I only wish I could always be at hand to succour your lordship when in need."

"I wish you could," said the earl.

With this, he galloped off and arrived without further molestation at Hexham; while Nathan proceeded, as bidden, to the castle, and related the earl's adventure in the forest to the countess.

A good supper for each of them was the immediate reward of himself and his hound.

End of Book the Fourth.

Book the Fifth.

THE MARCH FROM HEXHAM TO LONGTOWN.

I.

THE JUNCTION WITH THE SOUTH COUNTRY SCOTS.

NEXT morning, at a very early hour, the whole of the insurgent troops assembled in the market-place of the ancient town of Hexham, preparatory to marching to Rothbury.

Here Lord Widdrington took leave of his friends for a time, having, at General Forster's earnest request, undertaken another journey into Lancashire to confer with the Jacobites and High Church Tories in that

county, and endeavour to induce them to rise without delay.

The chief command of his troop was therefore temporarily given to Lord Derwentwater.

Precisely as the abbey church clock struck six, the insurgents rode out of Hexham. The weather was fine, and the men in good spirits. They met with no misadventure on the road, nor did they hear any tidings of the enemy, but after a long halt at Kirkharle, they reached Rothbury in the evening.

Lord Kenmure, the commander of the South Country Scots, accompanied by the Earl of Nithsdale, the Earl of Wintoun, the Earl of Carnwath, and Lord Nairn rode out to meet them, and the greatest satisfaction was evinced on both sides that a junction of their forces had, at length, been effected. Still, it was the opinion of

Lord Kenmure and the other Scottish nobles that they must not venture upon an encounter with the Government troops till they were further strengthened by a junction with Mackintosh and the Highlanders, and they therefore proposed to set out to Wooler next day. This proposition being agreed to by General Forster and his officers, the horses were stabled, and the men quartered as well as circumstances would admit, while their leaders sat down to an excellent supper provided for them by the Scottish nobles at the Blue Star. Capital claret, it appeared, could be had at Rothbury, and a good deal of it was drunk that night. Before they separated, the English and Scottish commanders became boon companions.

Next morning the combined forces proceeded to Wooler, and being greatly fatigued by their march remained there during

the whole of the next day, though their quarters were far from satisfactory. At Wooler they were joined by the Reverend Robert Patten of Allendale, whom General Forster appointed his chaplain, and by Mr. Lancelot Errington, the gallant young gentleman who had succeeded in capturing a fort on Holy Island, as already related. Mr. Errington, however, not receiving any supplies, was attacked, and taken prisoner by the Governor of Berwick, but speedily effected his escape, and procuring a horse, joined his friends at Wooler. His brother, Captain Thomas Errington now commanded Lord Widdrington's troop, so that he was at once appointed one of the officers.

Intelligence was brought by this gentleman that Brigadier Mackintosh and the Highlanders had reached Dunse, and meant to attack Kelso, which was occupied by Sir

William Bennet of Grubet, with a strong party of militia and some volunteers. Sir William, it was said, had barricaded the town, and made other preperations for its defence.

On hearing this, Lord Kenmure and General Forster decided upon marching to Kelso to aid Mackintosh in storming the town. Accordingly, they set out next morning, passing by Humbledon Heugh, Akeld, and over the hill ridges near Kirk Newton. As they proceeded, Captain Douglas, who was well acquainted with the country, and accustomed to Border forays, as we have already stated, managed to seize several horses, and likewise captured Mr. Selby of Kilham, a volunteer, who was repairing to Kelso, to Sir William Bennet's assistance.

About mid-day the insurgents came in sight of the beautiful town of Kelso, with

its ancient abbey so charmingly situated on the banks of the Tweed, and before proceeding further, halted on a moor to call over the rolls of the men. While the leaders of each troop were thus employed, word was brought by a scout, that Sir William Bennet, alarmed by the report of the advance of the Highlanders, had abandoned the town, whereupon they at once resumed their march, and fording the Tweed, entered the town without opposition—the barricades being already pulled down. But though the inhabitants offered no resistance, they received them with great coldness, and eyed them with sullen looks. No shouts were heard, as the insurgents rode along one of the main streets to the market-place where they drew up.

Brigadier Mackintosh had not yet arrived, but he was known to be close at hand, and Lord Kenmure feeling that the compliment

was due to the valiant Highland commander, went to meet him, leaving General Forster and the English division in the town.

Lord Kenmure and the Lowlanders had not ridden further than Ednam Bridge when the shrill notes of the bagpipes announced the approach of the Highlanders, and in another minute Mackintosh and his detachment came in sight.

As soon as the Highlanders understood that the troops in front of them were friends, they set up a great shout, and quickened their pace.

The Lowlanders responded with equal vigour, and the greatest enthusiasm was displayed on both sides.

Nothing could be more cordial than the meeting between the two commanders. Lord Kenmure was loud in his praises of the brigadier's skill and bravery, and told

him that he looked upon the crossing of the Firth, under the circumstances, as one of the most remarkable exploits ever performed. His lordship then turned to Lord Charles Murray, Lord Nairn, Major Forbes, Logie Drummond, and others who were standing by, and expressed his admiration of their gallantry.

By this time the Earl of Wintoun, the Earl of Carnwath, Captain Hume, and the other Lowland officers had come up, and salutations were exchanged on all hands.

When these greetings were over, the two detachments, which had now to a certain extent become mixed together, marched to Kelso—the pipers taking the lead, and playing lustily.

II.

MACKINTOSH'S ACHIEVEMENTS.

BEFORE proceeding, it may be necessary briefly to explain what the brigadier had accomplished since he quitted Perth about ten days previously.

At that time, the detachment under his command consisted of six regiments, and with a number of gentlemen volunteers formed a total of two thousand five hundred men.

The brigadier's orders from the Earl of Mar were to get as many men as he could over the Firth, and though the channel was defended by ships of war, smacks, and boats filled with armed men, Mackintosh courageously made the attempt, and despite all the exertions of the cruisers to prevent him, succeeded in reaching the East Lothian coast with fifteen hundred men—the Earl of Strathmore's battalion being forced back and compelled to go on shore on the Isle of May. This was the exploit to which Lord Kenmure had referred in terms of such high admiration.

With the troops he had thus brought across the Firth, the brigadier at once marched to Haddington, where he was invited by the Scottish Jacobites to make an attempt on Edinburgh, and unhesitatingly complied with the request.

He advanced as far as Jock's Lodge, but

not meeting with the promised support, he turned to Leith, and took possession of a partly-demolished fort, built by Oliver Cromwell, and proceeded to barricade it.

Next day the Duke of Argyle, who had hastened from Stirling to the protection of Edinburgh, summoned him to surrender. On his refusal, the duke threatened to bombard the fort on the morrow, but in the night Mackintosh withdrew, and conducted his men cautiously along the sands at low water to Seaton House—a castle belonging to Lord Wintoun.

Here he posted himself securely with his force, and laughed at the threats of Lord Torpichen and the Earl of Rothes, who came from Edinburgh to dislodge him with two hundred dragoons and three hundred volunteers.

At Seaton House he remained for a couple of days, and in that short interval

stored it with provisions to stand a siege, when he learnt that the South Country Scots and Northumbrians had risen, and received an express from Forster praying him to meet him at Coldstream or Kelso.

Another express came from the Earl of Mar bidding him march south, and join the English insurgents.

The latter order could not be disobeyed, and he therefore quitted the stronghold he had gained, and marched to Longformacus, harassed in the rear by the Government troops.

But this pursuit did not prevent him from plundering the house of Doctor Sinclair, who had incurred the animosity of the Jacobites by shooting young Hepburn of Keith.

Continuing his march to Dunse, the brigadier rested there for a day, proclaimed James the Third, collected the excise dues,

and received the very satisfactory intelligence that Sir William Bennet had abandoned Kelso. No longer troubled by the Government troops, and renovated by the much-needed repose, he marched on next day to Kelso, and was met at Ednam Bridge, as we have related, by the Lowlanders.

Such were the main incidents that had occurred during Mackintosh's memorable march towards the south. He had proved himself a thoroughly good soldier, equal to every emergency, and not to be checked by danger or difficulty, and fully deserved the encomiums passed upon him by Lord Kenmure.

As the Highlanders entered Kelso, with bagpipes playing, colours flying, and drums beating, the inhabitants flocked forth to gaze at them, and were greatly struck by the stalwart appearance and martial bearing of the men.

Brigadier Mackintosh, of whose doings so much had been heard, excited great curiosity, and the tall figure, strongly marked features, and athletic limbs of the veteran warrior would have pointed him out to all beholders, even if he had not marched at the head of his detachment.

Throughout their progress neither the brigadier nor any of his officers had mounted a horse, but marched on foot with the men, and crossed all rivers in their Highland garb.

Amongst those who attracted most attention was Lord Charles Murray, who was remarkable for his graceful person and good looks.

Lord Nairn and some of the subaltern officers were also thought very fine men.

Indeed, the Highlanders generally produced a favourable impression on the good

folks of Kelso, who gave them a far warmer welcome than they had accorded to their allies.

The junction between the confederate forces formed a curious and interesting scene. When the brigadier first beheld the Northumbrian detachment drawn up in the market-place, he was struck by the handsome show made by both horses and men, but when he began to scrutinise them, he quickly changed his opinion.

"Saul o' my body! this will never do!" he exclaimed to Lord Charles Murray. "Those abalyiements are na fit for war. Saw ye ever before a dragoon with a hunting-saddle on his horse's back, a toasting-fork by his side, or a riding-whip in his hand? I trow not. They should get basket-hilted broad swords like our ain, saddles wi' high pommels and holsters,

and as to those riding-whips, I should like to lay them across the shoulders of the bearers."

"The men certainly look better equipped for flight than for attack," replied Lord Charles. "But we must not judge them too harshly. They may fight well in spite of their dress swords, and charge even with race-horses."

"Vera true," replied the brigadier, laughing. "And here comes General Forster."

"By my faith! he looks more like an English fox-hunter than a soldier," remarked Lord Charles, in an undertone. "I wonder how they came to choose him."

"They couldna help it," replied the brigadier. "Lord Derwentwater was the right man, yet being a Papist, he wouldn't do."

Attended by Lord Charles Murray, Lord

Nairn, Major Forbes, and Logie Drummond, the brigadier stepped forward to meet General Forster, who was closely followed by Lord Derwentwater and the other Northumbrian officers.

At the same time Lord Kenmure came forward, and presented the two commanders to each other.

The meeting was very friendly, and the brigadier praised Forster's troops, but told him plainly he ought to get different saddles and better swords.

"So we will, as soon as we can procure them," replied Forster. "But they are not to be had."

The English officers were next presented to the brigadier, who seemed best pleased with Lord Derwentwater. From the first moment, the rough old soldier conceived a friendship for the young noble, which he never afterwards lost.

The various troops marched past the three commanders, who remained for some time longer in the market-place, and then proceeded to their quarters.

III.

SUNDAY AT KELSO.

After the junction of the confederate forces had been effected, it was found that they formed an army of two thousand men, of whom the majority were Highlanders.

Though the force was still small, so much confidence was now felt in Mackintosh, and such strong hopes were entertained that large additions would soon be received, that no misgivings were felt.

On the day of the junction, the com-

manders and officers dined together, and the best feeling was manifested. All old jealousies, if any had existed, were banished. A warm tribute was paid by Lord Derwentwater to the valour and skill of Brigadier Mackintosh, with which the veteran warrior was much gratified.

Next day, being Sunday, great discretion had to be used by the leaders of an army composed of Presbyterians, High Church Tories, and Roman Catholics.

That such discordant elements could be reconciled—even for a brief season—seemed impossible. Nevertheless, by the judicious management of Lord Kenmure, who retained the command of the confederate force so long as it continued in Scotland, the thing was accomplished.

At this time, three clergymen were attached to the expedition—the Reverend William Irvine, chaplain to the Earl of

Carnwath, an Episcopalian and Nonjuror—the Reverend Robert Patten, of Allendale, who belonged to the High Church, and had just been appointed chaplain to General Forster—and the Reverend Mr. Buxton, likewise a Church of England divine, who might be considered chaplain to the entire English force, since there was no Roman Catholic priest.

By Lord Kenmure's orders all the officers and men attended at the Great Kirk, where the Church of England service was performed.

The large congregation thus assembled presented an extraordinary sight, and the behaviour of the men was extremely decorous—that of the Highlanders especially so. They nearly filled the body of the sacred edifice, and listened with devout attention to the discourse of Mr. Patten, who took for his text, "*The right of the first-*

born is his"—applying it to the cause for which they were fighting.

In the afternoon, an equally large congregation assembled, consisting chiefly of Highlanders, to hear the Reverend William Irvine, the Scottish Nonjuror, who treated them to a sermon he had preached to Lord Dundee before the battle of Killiecrankie.

It was thought that this fiery sermon was given in deference to the wishes of Brigadier Mackintosh; and it would almost seem so, since the old Highlander listened to it with profound attention, and afterwards expressed his satisfaction to the preacher.

A very favourable impression was produced on the Kelso folk by the exemplary conduct of the troops on the Sabbath; but they were not quite so well pleased when Mackintosh next morning, while searching for arms, discovered several barrels of gunpowder concealed in the vaults of the kirk,

and swore if he could catch the traitors who had placed them there, he would hang them like dogs.

The brigadier was likewise extraordinarily active in foraging and plundering, and seized all the public revenues without scruple.

Under other circumstances Lord Derwentwater would have enjoyed his visit to Kelso, but his mind was so troubled, that even Roxburgh Castle, Floors, or the charming views of the Tweed and the Teviot afforded him very little pleasure.

His heart was at Dilston.

IV.

A COUNCIL OF WAR.

On the third day after their arrival at Kelso, one of the scouts sent by Lord Kenmure to watch the movements of the Government troops, brought word that General Carpenter had reached Wooler with a force of nine hundred men, consisting of Hotham's regiment of foot, and three regiments of dragoons, and intended next day to attack Kelso.

On receipt of this important intelligence,

a council of war was immediately summoned, which was attended by all the commanders and officers.

The main point to be considered was whether they should await the English general's attack at Kelso, and barricade the town, or cross the Tweed, and meet him.

Lord Derwentwater was decidedly of opinion that the latter course should be adopted, and maintained that their force being double that of Carpenter, the result of an engagement could not be doubtful—although the Government general possessed three regiments of experienced dragoons.

But his advice, though approved by General Forster and the English officers, was opposed by the Earl of Wintoun.

"As Scotsmen," said his lordship, "we are best able to serve the king's cause in our own country, and are therefore most

reluctant to cross the Border. Is it not so?" he added, appealing to his compatriots—all of whom assented, except Mackintosh.

"But you have the Earl of Mar's orders to advance," remarked General Forster. "How can you disobey them?"

"The Earl of Mar is not aware of our exact position," replied Lord Wintoun, or his orders would be countermanded. At present, all communication with him is difficult, and if we enter England it will be entirely cut off. But it may be opened—and this is the plan of operation I would recommend. Falling back to the north-west, attacking Dumfries and Glasgow on our way, we shall be able to join the Western Clans, and, combining with them, can either cross the Firth above Stirling, or proceed as the Earl of Mar may direct."

This proposition was manifestly to the

taste of the Scottish leaders, most of whom signified their approval of it.

"But why throw away our present chance?" cried the Earl of Derwentwater. "Why not attack Carpenter when we can do so with every advantage? From the report just received he is greatly our inferior in numbers, and his troops are exhausted. The prestige of a victory would be of immense service to the cause."

"We do not care to cross the Tweed," again objected Lord Wintoun.

"If you won't cross the Tweed, my lord, General Carpenter will," rejoined Lord Derwentwater, contemptuously.

"He will gain little by the movement," retorted Lord Wintoun. "He will find Kelso evacuated, and will not dare follow us."

"Is this the sort of fighting we are to expect?" cried Lord Derwentwater. "Are

we always to retreat on the appearance of the foe? We Northumbrians did not come to Scotland to join the Western Clans, but to meet our brave ally Brigadier Mackintosh, who is pledged to march with us to London, and we claim fulfilment of his promise. As to General Carpenter, if our allies won't help us, we will attack him alone. Do I not express your sentiments, general?" he added to Forster.

"My opinion decidedly is, that Carpenter ought to be met by the whole confederate force," said Forster. "My own division is not strong enough to encounter him, and would incur certain defeat."

"Again, I say, the Scots will not cross the Tweed," remarked Lord Wintoun. "If our English allies choose to sacrifice themselves, we may grieve, but we cannot help it."

Restraining himself with difficulty, the Earl of Derwentwater turned to Mackintosh, who had not hitherto spoken, and said :

"Do you mean to desert us, brigadier?"

"No, my lord," was the reply.

"Then let the Lowlanders join the Western Clans if they will," said the earl. "We can do without them."

Lord Wintoun placed his hand upon his sword, and the other Lowland leaders would have fiercely resented the remark, if Lord Kenmure had not interposed.

"We must have no quarrels among ourselves," he said. "When Lord Derwentwater becomes calmer, he will regret having spoken thus hastily. As yet, I am chief in command of the whole insurgent force, and my orders must be obeyed."

"They shall be obeyed by me, my lord,"

said General Forster. "But I pray you not to take us further into Scotland. My troops will assuredly revolt."

"We will come to a decision at Jedburgh," said Lord Kenmure, somewhat evasively. "Meantime, precise information must be obtained as to the movements of the enemy. You shall go on the errand, Captain Gordon," he added, addressing a tall, exceedingly handsome young man in the Lowland garb.

Captain Gordon, an officer in the Merse troop, commanded by the Honourable Captain Hume, and distinguished for his courage and activity, seemed well pleased at being chosen for the dangerous expedition.

"I will rejoin your lordship at Jedburgh," he said. "But if I find General Carpenter and his force on the move, you will see me sooner."

With this he bowed and quitted the room, and almost before the council had broken up, he was on the other side of the Tweed.

"Brigadier," said General Forster, addressing Mackintosh, after some further discussion had taken place; "before we separate, I must ask you plainly if you mean to march with us to London?"

"I will answer frankly, general," replied Mackintosh. "My men will never enter England, unless they are certain of their pay."

"Is that the only difficulty?" said Lord Derwentwater. "I feared from what has been said, that they might be averse to a campaign in England."

"So they are, my lord," replied the brigadier. "But possibly their aversion may be overcome by the certainty of good pay."

"Make them quite easy on that score," said Lord Derwentwater. "I will provide the money."

"When my men learn your lordship's generous promise," said Mackintosh, "I doubt not they will be very grateful."

"'Tis but a small subsidy to the king," said Lord Derwentwater. "I would give my whole property to set him on the throne."

"Truly, your lordship sets us all a good example, which we ought to follow," said Lord Kenmure. "And now for Jedburgh!"

About an hour later, much to the relief of the inhabitants, who began to fear that a battle would be fought under their walls, the whole insurgent force quitted Kelso, having stayed there three days.

V.

FURTHER DISSENSIONS.

THE Northumbrians reached their destination first, and as the others did not arrive, they rode back to see what had happened to them, and found the South Country Scots drawn up on the road about two miles from the town, and waiting for the Highlanders, who, in their turn, had halted to receive General Carpenter—believing he was in pursuit. These false alarms

caused some delay, but eventually the whole force reached Jedburgh.

Next day, another council of war was held, and the same dissension prevailed as before, threatening to end in a rupture among the chiefs.

Previously to the meeting Lord Wintoun, who had had a private conference with Mackintosh, was persuaded that the brigadier would support him. But he was mistaken—the old warrior would not desert the Northumbrians, though it was evident he himself was unwilling to quit Scotland.

While they were still engaged in angry and fruitless discussion, Captain Gordon returned.

"What news do you bring us, sir?" demanded Lord Kenmure. "Has General Carpenter crossed the Border?"

"He has, my lord," replied Captain Gordon; "and the greater part of his force is

quartered at the Yetholms within eight miles of this place. Troops are cantoned at Hounham, Mendrum, Town-Yetholm, Kirk-Yetholm, and Morbattle, as I myself have ascertained. I ventured so near them at Morbattle, that I was discovered, and pursued by a dozen of Churchill's dragoons, within two miles of Jedburgh, when they gave up the chase. No doubt, they believed we were still at Kelso, but they must now have found out their mistake."

"Captain Gordon," said Mackintosh, "so far as you can judge, what is the condition of the enemy?"

"Their horses are jaded, or I should not have escaped," replied Gordon, "and I am certain the foot, of whom there must be five or six hundred, are fatigued with their long march. I therefore feel convinced there will be no general attack to-day, and I think we might surprise them."

"You hear what Captain Gordon says, my lord?" cried Mackintosh, turning to Lord Kenmure. "From the observations he has just made, he is of opinion we may surprise the enemy."

"General Carpenter himself is at Kirk-Yetholm," remarked Captain Gordon.

"So much the better," said the brigadier. "Having taken up a position there, he will make no further advance to-day. Our whole force is in marching order. Let us make the attack at once. By using the utmost expedition, we shall take him unprepared."

"That is certain," said Captain Gordon; "and I do not for a moment doubt that the attack will be successful."

"I hope the plan meets with your lordship's approval?" said Lord Derwentwater to Kenmure.

The chief commander, however, made no

direct answer, but turning to the Northumbrian leader, observed:

"What says General Forster?"

"'Tis a bold step, and requires consideration," replied the other.

"The blow must be struck at once, or not at all," said Mackintosh. "While we are deliberating, the chance will be lost."

"We have not sufficient horse," rejoined Forster.

"We have enow for our purpose," said Lord Derwentwater. "My lord, in the king's name, I ask you to make the attack."

"Ha! this sounds like a command," cried Lord Kenmure, angrily. "Your own general hesitates—if he will go on, I will."

"For Heaven's sake, come to a speedy decision!" said the earl to Forster. "Every minute is precious. There is no risk."

"I don't know that," replied Forster.

"I won't run headlong into a danger that can be avoided. We may find General Carpenter better prepared for us than we expect. His dragoons are far more numerous than our cavalry."

"But our horses are fresh, general," observed Captain Gordon. "I repeat my opinion that a prompt attack would be successful."

"I won't hazard it," said Lord Kenmure.

"Then your lordship refuses to lead us to certain victory," said Lord Derwentwater.

Lord Kenmure shrugged his shoulders.

"I have given you my decision, and I shall adhere to it."

Lord Derwentwater could not repress an exclamation of rage.

Mackintosh looked equally angry, but felt it was useless to interfere.

"We shall be better prepared on some future day," observed Forster.

"Never!" exclaimed the brigadier, contemptuously. "Never shall we be better prepared than now! Never shall we have the enemy at greater advantage!"

"At all events, let us stay where we are," said Lord Derwentwater. "General Carpenter will think we are retreating, if we march to Hawick."

"Nor will he be far wide of the truth, if he does think so," said Mackintosh.

But these expressions of disapproval were entirely unheeded, and the march to Hawick took place, greatly to the annoyance of Lord Derwentwater.

Determined to reconnoitre the enemy, his lordship requested Captain Gordon to accompany him, and set off with a small party of horse towards the Yetholms.

Nothing occurred to indicate that the

enemy were on the move till he came within a couple of miles of Kirk-Yetholm, when, from the brow of a hill, he distinguished their vanguard, and at once comprehended that a part of the force, if not the whole, must be marching to Kelso.

Satisfied with what he had seen, and beginning to be of opinion that General Carpenter would not have been so easily surprised as he imagined, he turned back, and riding quickly, overtook the insurgent army before it reached Hawick.

It afterwards appeared that the earl had narrowly escaped capture, and that he and his companions were indebted for their escape to the swiftness of their horses. Had he descended the hill whence he descried the enemy, he must have been taken prisoner.

VI.

THE HIGHLANDERS REFUSE TO CROSS THE BORDER.

NEXT day, symptoms of revolt began to appear among the Highlanders, who had been told by Lord Wintoun that if they went to England they would infallibly be defeated by the superior force brought against them, and would either be cut to pieces, taken prisoners and hanged, or sold as slaves to the plantations.

Assembling on the Moot Hill, at the head of the town, they refused to come

down, even at the orders of their chief, and told him if they were led against the enemy they would fight, but that they would not cross the Border.

"Wherefore not?" he cried. "Why the devil are you afraid to fight the Southrons on their ain ground? You are ready to meet them here, but not south of the Solway Firth. Your pay is assured you, and it will be your ain faut if ye dinna double it."

"But they tell us we shall never come back," rejoined the sergeant, who acted as spokesman.

"Who tells you so?" demanded the brigadier.

"One who knows what he says, and wouldn't deceive us," replied the sergeant.

"Zounds, man! do you think I would deceive you?" cried the brigadier. "I tell

you that in England you will get plenty to eat and drink—plenty of plunder—whereas in Scotland you have nothing but starvation to expect. Now choose! Will you follow me, who have led you on thus far triumphantly, and will lead you on to further conquest—or desert me, when I most need your services, for one who has neither the will, nor the power to reward you?"

"We will follow you, brigadier," shouted the majority of the men. "Take us where you will."

"I will first take you where each of you can get a mutchkin of whisky to drink the king's health. You will then prepare to march to Langholm, on the road to Longtown!"

After resting for the night at Langholm, where they had some difficulty in finding

quarters, the insurgents continued their march next day, uncertain whether they should proceed to Langholm or Ecclefechan, when a decision was unexpectedly brought about.

VII.

LORD WIDDRINGTON RETURNS FROM LANCASHIRE.

WHILE crossing a wide moor, they perceived a party of horsemen coming towards them, and understood from the shouts of these persons that they must be friends.

On a nearer approach the insurgents discovered that the leader of the party was Lord Widdrington. He had just returned from his visit to Lancashire, and had brought with him a very important document, which

he was extremely anxious to show to the leaders of the expedition, as it could not fail to govern their future plans.

Upon this, a general halt was called, and the commanders and officers having assembled, Lord Widdrington read his paper to them.

It was to the effect, that if the combined forces of the Scottish Lowlanders and Highlanders, who had risen for King James the Third, would direct their march to Lancashire, the High Church Tories of Manchester and the neighbourhood, and the whole of the Roman Catholic gentry of Lancashire and Cheshire, would rise in a mass, and join them with an army of twenty thousand men.

"Twenty thousand men!" exclaimed Lord Kenmure. "Are you certain of this, my lord?"

"I am certain that our appearance in

Lancashire will be the signal of a general rising," replied Lord Widdrington. "There is a very strong Jacobite feeling throughout the county. But the inhabitants will not rise till we appear."

"Then we must go to Lancashire," said Lord Kenmure.

"In three days we shall be in the heart of the county," said General Forster.

"And surrounded by a host of friends," cried Lord Widdrington. "I have had promises from all quarters. And you will see that this document bears a number of important names. The first signature is that of my brother-in-law, Mr. Townley, of Townley. The second is that of Mr. Ralph Standish, of Standish. Next follows Sir Francis Anderton, of Lostock. Then come Mr. Shuttleworth, of Shuttleworth, Mr. Richard Chorley, of Chorley, Mr. Gabriel Hesketh, of Whitehall, near St. Michael's-le-

Wyre, and Mr. John Leyburne, of Natesby —all men of good family."

"But all Roman Catholics, I suppose?" said Lord Kenmure.

"True, my lord—but they are none the worse for their religion. But there are many other names on the list. Pray look at the document."

"It is not needful," replied Lord Kenmure. Then turning to the others, he added, "I am of opinion that we ought forthwith to quit Scotland and march to Lancashire. How say you, my lords and gentlemen? Shall it be so?"

A hearty response was given in the affirmative, with but one dissentient voice—that of Lord Wintoun.

"I am still as much opposed to the plan as ever," said his lordship. "I have entire faith in Lord Widdrington's representations. I know he is incapable of de-

ceiving us; but I place no reliance on the promises of support he has received. If the Lancashire Jacobites meant to rise, they would not wait for our coming."

"You do not know them as well as I do, my lord," said Lord Widdrington. "I can assure you they are in earnest."

"If you despair of the expedition, my lord, leave it," said Lord Derwentwater. "But do not throw cold water upon it."

"No, it shall never be said that the Earl of Wintoun deserted King James's cause," rejoined the other. "But the day will come when you will bitterly regret that you did not follow my counsel."

"Meantime, we are well content to march to Lancashire," said Lord Derwentwater.

"Ay, to Lancashire! to Lancashire!" cried several voices.

The matter being now settled, orders were given to march to Langholm.

Brigadier Mackintosh, however, had a difficult task to get his men to move. When they understood it was decided that the force should march into England, a portion of the Highlanders again rebelled, and refused to proceed further.

Once more the brigadier tried the effect of persuasion, and partly by promises—partly by threats—induced the men to follow him.

They went on very reluctantly for three or four miles, till they drew near the Esk, when the mutineers separating themselves from their comrades, ran towards the river, with the intention of crossing it and flying towards Ecclefechan.

But the brigadier was beforehand with them, and plunging into the stream, drew his sword, and swore he would cut down the first who entered the water.

His aspect was so grim and terrible that

he held them in check for a few minutes, during which he was able to reassert his authority, and eventually he succeeded in driving a great number of them back to the ranks.

The confederate forces halted at Langholm, but did not rest there for the night, as it was deemed advisable by the Scottish leaders to enter England without delay. Accordingly, they marched on to Longtown, in Cumberland.

On that very day, Brigadier Stanwix, Governor of Carlisle, with sixty militiamen, had ridden over to Longtown, but could obtain no precise information respecting the movements of the rebels. They had been heard of at Hawick, but it was thought they would turn to the west, and crossing the mountains join the Earl of Mar. No suspicion was entertained that they were marching into England. In fact,

as we have shown, their own plans were undecided, until they met Lord Widdrington.

General Carpenter likewise was misled by the intelligence he received, and followed the insurgents no further than Jedburgh. Receiving no further tidings, and being in great want of forage for his troops, he then returned to Newcastle.

Thus owing to a variety of circumstances, the rebels gained two days on their enemies. They took every possible precaution to prevent their arrival at Longtown from becoming known, and were marching joyously to Brampton, in Gilsland—a small place near Naworth Castle—before it was even suspected they were in England.

End of Book the Fifth.

Book the Sixth.

THE MARCH FROM PENRITH TO PRESTON.

I.

THE ROUT ON PENRITH FELL.

HAVING achieved a great point, as they thought, the insurgents were now in very good spirits.

Even the Highlanders had quite recovered from their superstitious dread of crossing the Border, and gazed with curiosity at the country as they marched along—thinking it very like Scotland. But they abstained from any acts of pillage. The inhabitants regarded them with ter-

ror, and fancied they were the first part of a large invading army.

Brampton offered them very poor quarters and a scanty supply of provisions, and they thought of seizing Naworth Castle, which was only a mile and a half distant, but some prudential considerations deterred them.

James the Third having been proclaimed, Mr. Forster opened his commission to act as General of the Confederate Forces in England, and Lord Kenmure resigned the post in his favour.

Next day, the insurgents quitted Brampton betimes, and continued their march along the banks of the Eden. At Kirkoswald they halted in expectation of being joined by Mr. Dacre, a Roman Catholic gentleman, with forty men.

While at Kirkoswald, they received information from Captain Gordon, who had

gone on to reconnoitre, that Lord Lonsdale, commander of the militia of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Northumberland, with five or six hundred horse militia, and accompanied by the Bishop of Carlisle, and Sir Christopher Musgrave, high sheriff of the county, with an immense posse-comitatûs, consisting probably of eight or ten thousand men, armed with bills and pitchforks and such implements as they could procure, were assembled on Penrith Fell, to dispute their further advance.

Little danger was to be apprehended from this vast but disorderly host, in Captain Gordon's opinion, as, except the militia, which formed only a small proportion of it, the men were entirely undisciplined, and scarcely under control.

Since it was clear from this statement that the hostile force would be as easily dispersed as a mob, strict orders were given that no

injury should be done to the common men, except in case of resistance.

All eagerness for the fight — if fight there was to be—the insurgents set forward, Lord Derwentwater commanding the advanced guard, and having with him—besides his brother—Colonel Oxburgh and Captain Gordon.

General Forster commanded the main force, and rode with Lord Widdrington and Lord Kenmure. Neither commanders nor officers had the slightest anxiety as to the result of the engagement, and felt as if they were going to a race, while the Highlanders were in very good spirits, fancying they should obtain some booty.

After passing through a woody district, they came to a common, when they perceived the immense host described by Captain Gordon, drawn up on the side of

Penrith Fell—the horse militia being stationed in front.

As soon as the rebels came in sight, the Royalists set up a great shout, and a charge being ordered by Lord Lonsdale, the militia dashed forward, sword in hand, as if meaning to cut down the invaders.

But when they beheld Lord Derwentwater at the head of his troop, galloping to meet them, they suddenly stopped, and despite Lord Lonsdale's remonstrances, fairly turned round, and fled.

Their cowardice saved the rebels the trouble of dispersing the multitude behind them, for no sooner did the militia fly, than the others took to their heels, and throwing down their weapons, hurried off in every direction.

Ere many minutes the whole common was covered with fugitives, crying out pite-

ously for quarter if a Highlander pursued them, and offering all they had—which was not much—if their lives were spared. A great number of prisoners were taken.

Amongst the foremost to save themselves were Lord Lonsdale and the Bishop of Carlisle. Both were greatly afraid of being captured. Sir Christopher Musgrave made a vigorous effort to check the flight of the posse-comitatûs, but being utterly unable to do so, he rode off himself.

In less than half an hour the plain was completely cleared of all but the confederate forces and their prisoners. Several horses belonging to the militia were taken, a few swords and pistols, and a vast number of pitchforks.

When the prisoners, who amounted to three or four hundred, were brought before General Forster, he upbraided them—though in a good-humoured manner—with

their folly in opposing their friends, saying they—the so-called rebels—were come to deliver them from a tyrannical usurper, and restore their lawful king to the throne.

"To prove that we mean you no harm," he said, "not one of you has been injured—not a single man has been killed in the conflict. Had we caught Lord Lonsdale, or the Bishop of Carlisle, who ought not to have appeared on a field of battle, or Sir Christopher Musgrave, we might have made each of them pay a heavy ransom; but we shall deal differently with you. You are free. Return quietly to your homes. Take back your implements of husbandry, and employ them to a better purpose in future."

This speech produced a very good effect on the countrymen to whom it was addressed. They huzzaed loudly, and shouted:

"God save King James the Third, and prosper his merciful army!"

Their pitchforks were then given back to them, and they departed, rejoicing.

Three parties of horse were next sent off in different directions.

The first was commanded by Colonel Oxburgh, whose orders were to proceed to Lowther Castle, which was not more than three or four miles distant, and search for his lordship, and take him prisoner.

The second party, commanded by Captain Wogan, attended by the Reverend Mr. Patten, who was acquainted with the country, had orders to proceed to Rose Castle, the residence of the Bishop of Carlisle, and arrest him.

The third party was commanded by Captain Gordon, who had displayed extraordinary zeal of late, and had risen greatly in favour with General Forster and Lord Derwentwater. Captain Gordon's orders were to proceed to Edenhall, and make Sir Chris-

topher Musgrave prisoner. He was also to bring away any arms he might find at the hall.

Charged with these orders the three officers in question immediately rode off.

Elated by their success, the insurgents marched on to Penrith, and entered the town with colours flying, drums beating, bagpipes playing.

II.

MADAM BELLINGHAM.

THE news of their victory had preceded them, and disposed the inhabitants—many of whom were Jacobites—to receive them cordially. Even by the leading men of the opposite party the greatest civility was shown them.

In anticipation of the defeat of the rebels, a plentiful supper had been provided at the principal inn for the Bishop of Carlisle,

Lord Lonsdale, Sir Christopher Musgrave, and their chief followers.

To this supper General Forster and the whole of the insurgent leaders—except those absent on duty—sat down; and as circumstances gave peculiar zest to the entertainment, they passed the merriest evening they had done for some time.

The party sat late, and had not broken up when Colonel Oxburgh and the two other officers returned. Some arms were brought from Lowther Castle and Edenhall—but no prisoners. Lord Lowther, it appeared, had fled to Yorkshire. What had become of the Bishop of Carlisle and Sir Christopher Musgrave could not be ascertained.

General Forster was greatly disappointed, as he felt that the capture of three such important personages—or even one of them—would have given him great credit. How-

ever, he was fain to be content with the success he had achieved.

Next day, the general performed an act that raised him considerably in the estimation of the inhabitants. Having found out that some High Church Tories belonging to his own division intended to pull down, or burn a Presbyterian meeting-house in the town, he peremptorily forbade them, declaring he would punish any who disobeyed his orders.

"I will never sanction religious outrages," he said. "We must show the country that all sects can live tranquilly together. My maxim is toleration. Though I differ with the Presbyterians, I will, on no account, allow them to be molested."

This expression, which was repeated, did him great service.

During their stay in Penrith, the insurgents were very well treated, and made

many friends. They expected to be joined by several important Roman Catholics—Mr. Howard of Corby Castle, Mr. Warwick of Warwick Hall, Mr. Henry Curwen of Workington, and Sir James Graham of Inchbrachy—but learnt to their dismay that they had all been arrested by the Governor of Carlisle, and secured in the castle. Before quitting Penrith, they collected five hundred pounds.

At the charming town of Appleby, always noted for its loyalty, they were very well received, and took possession of the church and castle.

General Forster immediately caused James the Third to be proclaimed, and so much enthusiasm was manifested that it might have been thought that the inhabitants were all devoted to the Stuarts.

Gratified by their reception, and delighted by the beauty of the town, the insurgents

passed their time very pleasantly, and were reluctant to proceed on their march.

At Appleby, Mr. Wyburgh, captain of the train-bands, was taken prisoner, and Lord Nairn, a relation of Sir James Graham, wished to effect an exchange, but the Governor of Carlisle would not listen to the proposal.

Several persons, suspected of being spies, were seized and detained, and an impracticable officer was confined in the Moot Hall till he confessed where the excise money was lodged.

Their next march was to Kendal, where General Forster was quartered at the house of Alderman Simpson, in Strickland Gate. It chanced that his god-mother, Mrs. Bellingham, was staying there at the time, and hearing this the general desired to pay his respects to her, but she refused to see him. However, as he was going up-stairs to his

room, she rushed forth, and met him on the landing. Alarmed by the furious expression of her countenance, Forster would have turned back, but she commanded him to stay.

Thinking to deprecate her wrath, the general expressed his great pleasure at seeing her, and hoped she was quite well.

"Quite well!" she cried. "How can I be well when I'm driven almost out of my senses by your shameful proceedings. Oh! Tom, Tom! never did I think you would serve the Pretender!"

"I serve King James the Third, madam," he replied. "And however disagreeable it may be to you to hear it, I must say that I look upon the Elector of Hanover as a usurper, and I shall do my best to drive him from the kingdom."

"You may try, but you'll never succeed," cried Mrs. Bellingham, becoming still

more exasperated. "Now, I'll tell you what you've lost by your folly. I meant to leave you all my fortune; but you shan't have a penny. I'll leave it all to Dorothy."

"I'm sorry to have offended you, madam, but it can't be helped. I scarcely think you can have heard of our great success at Penrith Fells, or you wouldn't speak so disparagingly of us."

"I've heard that you dispersed an army of peasants," she rejoined, contemptuously. "But when you face a regular army, the result will be very different."

"You are mistaken, madam," he rejoined, beginning to feel angry himself, for he saw Lord Derwentwater, Lord Widdrington, and Colonel Oxburgh at the foot of the stairs, and felt sure they must be laughing at him. "Before a month we shall be in London."

"Yes," she replied; "but you will be a

prisoner. You and the rebel lords will be safely lodged in the Tower, and if you come out, it will only be to have your heads cut off. And you will richly deserve your fate."

A good word may be said for the Highlanders. It was reported that the muskets of the militia were concealed in the church, and a party of these brave fellows went in search of them. They discovered no arms, but they found the plate in the vestry, and left it untouched.

Next day, being Sunday, the insurgents marched early to Kirkby-Lonsdale. Service was performed at the church in the afternoon by the Reverend Mr. Patten, and as Lord Derwentwater and Lord Widdrington were standing in the churchyard contemplating the beautiful view it commands of the valley of the Lune, they were surprised by the unexpected appearance of Lord Wid-

drington's brother, who had just returned from Lancaster, whither he had been sent to prepare the inhabitants for the approach of the insurgent force.

Charles Widdrington's report was that there was a strong feeling in their favour, and that they would certainly be joined by many gentlemen of the county. Moreover, he brought a letter to Lord Widdrington from Mr. Charles Beswicke, of Manchester, in which the writer mentioned that King James the Third had just been proclaimed in that town, and a troop of fifty men raised and armed. Mr. Beswicke hoped to join the insurgent army with some volunteers at Lancaster.

This satisfactory intelligence was immediately communicated to the other chiefs and officers, and greatly raised their spirits.

Before leaving Kirkby-Lonsdale, they

were joined by an important Roman Catholic gentleman, Mr. Carus, of Halton Hall, and his two sons, who were appointed officers in Lord Derwentwater's troop.

III.

HORNBY CASTLE.

WHILE the rest of the force proceeded to Lancaster, shaping their course along the lovely valley of the Lune, and keeping near the banks of the river, Colonel Oxburgh, with a party of horse, composed entirely of gentlemen, went to Hornby Castle for the purpose of arresting its owner, Colonel Charteris, and taking him a prisoner to Lancaster.

Colonel Charteris, condemned to death-

less infamy by Hogarth, belonged to a Scotch family, and had rendered himself so odious to his countrymen by his vices, that, if the Highlanders had been allowed to visit Hornby Castle, they would undoubtedly have burnt it to the ground, and have shot its owner if they had caught him.

A profligate debauchee of the worst kind, Colonel Charteris was also one of the meanest of men, and cunning as mean. But he was very rich, and about two years prior to the date of our story, he had purchased Hornby Castle, where he now dwelt, from the Earl of Cardigan, for fifteen thousand pounds. He had made some alterations—but not improvements—in the place, and had disfigured the old keep by rearing a watch-tower on its summit, above which he fixed a great gilt eagle.

From its bold position on a craggy hill,

the sides of which were clothed with timber, while its base was washed by the river Wenning, Hornby Castle, before its partial demolition in the Civil Wars, must have presented a very striking appearance.

The ancient part of the structure was now in ruins—all that remained of it being a few picturesque walls overgrown with ivy, and the great square tower, to which allusion has just been made.

Adjoining these ruins, and to a certain degree combined with them, was a large modern stone mansion, in front of which a steep lawn descended, between avenues of timber, to the park at the foot of the hill.

No information respecting Colonel Charteris could be obtained at the pretty little village of Hornby. The inhabitants could not, or would not, tell whether he was at the castle. It was, therefore, in a state of the utmost uncertainty that Colonel Ox-

burgh and his troop mounted the steep ascent. The probability, indeed, seemed that a person so cautious as Colonel Charteris would have decamped on hearing that the insurgents were close at hand.

On approaching the castle, which he thought much too good for its unworthy owner, Colonel Oxburgh rode up to the principal entrance and caused the bell to be loudly rung. Hitherto, no servants had appeared from whom inquiries could be made, and it would almost seem that the place was deserted. The summons, however, was promptly answered by a porter, who stated that his master had gone to Lancaster.

"Who is in the castle, then?" demanded Colonel Oxburgh. "Take care you don't deceive me, fellow."

"Only Mr. Bancroft, the steward, and two old women," replied the porter. "Co-

lonel Charteris has taken all the rest of the servants with him to Lancaster. But here comes Mr. Bancroft."

As he spoke, a singular-looking individual made his appearance, and descending the steps respectfully saluted the insurgent leader.

Mr. Bancroft was an elderly man, rather high-shouldered, and clad in an old-fashioned, snuff-coloured suit. He wore what was then called a night-cap wig, and on his large and prominent nose rested a pair of green spectacles, through which he eyed the visitor.

"Colonel Charteris is absent, sir," he said. "He went to Lancaster yesterday."

"So I have just heard," replied the other. "But you must excuse me, Mr. Bancroft, if I decline to take your assurance on that point. My men will search the castle."

"As you please, sir," replied the steward.

"But you may depend upon it they won't find him. Won't you please to alight, and come in?"

"Such is my intention," replied the colonel, springing from his horse and giving the bridle to the trooper nearest to him. "Let a dozen men follow me," he added. "The rest will take the horses to the stable—feed them—and then come to the house."

"It shall be done, colonel," said the trooper.

"Excuse me, colonel," said Bancroft. "They'll find the stable doors locked. My master has taken the keys with him."

"Break open the doors," cried Colonel Oxburgh.

"If they do, they'll find no forage inside," said Bancroft. "All the hay and corn has been removed."

"Never was there such a rascal!" cried

Colonel Oxburgh, furiously. "Well, do the best you can," he added, to his followers. "Put up the horses, and then come to the house."

"To prevent disappointment," said Bancroft, with a malicious grin, "I had better mention beforehand that they will find no provisions."

"No provisions!" exclaimed the colonel, while the troopers who were within hearing looked aghast.

"The larder's empty, sir, I'm sorry to say," pursued the steward; "and what's worse, there's not a bottle of wine in the cellar."

Murmurs and threats arose from the men.

"If your master acts thus, he must take the consequences," observed Colonel Oxburgh. "He deserves the bad character he has acquired."

The steward did not like the tone in

which the remark was made, and looked as if he would be glad to escape, but this being impossible, he asked Colonel Oxburgh into the house.

As he entered the hall with his men, Colonel Oxburgh stopped him, and said:

"A word with you, Mr. Bancroft. You say there are no provisions in the house—no food for the horses in the stables."

"I do, colonel," replied the other.

"I won't dispute the truth of your statement, but I have some orders to give you, which you will be pleased to execute. While I search the house see that a plentiful repast is set out for me and my followers in the dining-room——"

"I cannot accomplish impossibilities, colonel," interrupted the steward.

"I require good wine for myself and my men. No discussion. It must be done. Two of my party will attend upon you,

and shoot you through the head if you attempt to escape. The rest will remain with me."

Leaving the steward quite confounded by what he had heard, in charge of a couple of troopers, Colonel Oxburgh made a thorough search of the house, peering into every room, but he did not find the person he sought, and began to think Colonel Charteris had really fled.

On repairing to the dining-room he was agreeably surprised to find a cold collation laid out on a long table.

"Aha! Mr. Bancroft," he exclaimed, "you have performed wonders, I see. Is this the work of magic?"

"It turned out on examination that the larder was better furnished than I imagined, colonel," said the steward.

"I thought as much," rejoined Colonel

Oxburgh. "After all, we shall not fare badly."

"Nor will the horses, colonel," observed one of the gentlemen troopers coming up to him. "We have found plenty of fodder in the stable."

The colonel laughed heartily.

"What do you say to this, sir?" he remarked to the steward.

"Simply, that I obeyed my master's orders," he rejoined.

"Your master is a miserable niggard," said the colonel, signing to his followers to sit down, and taking the chair at the head of the table.

They were waited on by a couple of men-servants, who had been discovered in the butler's pantry, and were supplied with abundance of claret.

At the conclusion of the repast King

James's health was drunk by the whole party with loud cheers. Not only was the steward compelled to join in the toast, but to drink "Success to the insurgent army."

When the moment of departure arrived, and the steward thought he was about to get rid of his unwelcome visitors, Colonel Oxburgh said to him:

"We shan't part company at present, Mr. Bancroft. I shall be compelled to take you with me to Lancaster."

"As a prisoner, colonel?"

"As a prisoner, sir!"

"But what have I done? What crime have I committed?"

"That General Forster will judge. I have his orders to arrest you."

"Your orders, if I mistake not, are to arrest Colonel Charteris."

"Exactly. But in arresting you I don't think I shall be far wrong."

"I can assure you, sir——"

"Nay, 'tis vain to deny it. From the first I suspected you were Colonel Charteris, and my suspicions have since become confirmed. 'Twill be best to accompany me quietly. Resistance will be useless."

"Very well," rejoined the other. "Since you have seen through my disguise, I won't attempt to maintain it longer. I *am* Colonel Charteris. Allow me to put up a few things, and I will go with you. Don't be alarmed. I give you my word of honour I will return."

"Your word of honour!" exclaimed Colonel Oxburgh, contemptuously. "I place little reliance upon it. A guard must accompany you while you make your preparations."

"You wrong me by this distrust, colonel," said Charteris, as he quitted the room, closely followed by a couple of troopers.

Ascending the great staircase, he proceeded deliberately along a corridor, until he came to a particular bed-chamber, where he stopped, saying to the guard, as he went in, "I won't detain you long."

The troopers remained at the door. But as he did not come forth within a reasonable time, they entered the room, and to their astonishment and dismay found it empty.

They searched about—in the closets, behind the curtains, under the bed, and in every place, likely and unlikely, but failed to find him—nor could they comprehend how he had got off, since there appeared to be no other exit but the door.

On going down-stairs, they found Colonel Oxburgh impatiently awaiting them in the

hall. The entrance door was standing wide open, and showed the troop drawn up outside, and ready for instant departure. The colonel was greatly exasperated when he learnt what had happened.

"I ought to have known better," he mentally ejaculated, "than to trust a man without a spark of honour. However, if he falls into my hands again, he shall not escape so easily."

Though despairing of success, Colonel Oxburgh would not leave without making an effort to re-capture the fugitive.

On careful examination of the bed-chamber in question, he discovered a secret door, connected with a passage leading to the ruins of the old castle, where no doubt the fugitive had found a safe hiding-place. As it was evident further search would be useless, Colonel Oxburgh departed with his men.

Little did he think as he rode down the hill that Colonel Charteris was watching him from the summit of the keep, and laughing at the clever manner in which he had outwitted his visitor.

IV.

SIR HENRY HOGHTON AND THE QUAKER.

AWARE that the rebels were marching towards Lancaster, the Whig inhabitants of the town endeavoured to make some defensive preparations, and were materially aided in their efforts by Sir Henry Hoghton, of Hoghton Tower, member of Parliament for Preston, and Colonel of the Lancashire Militia.

Having ascertained that a ship called the *Robert*, of five hundred tons burthen, belong-

ing to Mr. Lawson, a wealthy Quaker of Lancaster, was lying at Sunderland—a small sea-port situated at the estuary of the Lune —Sir Henry went to Mr. Lawson to endeavour to negotiate with him for the use of the guns.

"When I tell you, Mr. Lawson," he said, "that those cannon of yours will enable us to keep the rebels out of the town, I am sure you will let us have them."

"Thou shalt have them on one condition, friend," replied the Quaker. "And on one condition only."

"Name it," cried Sir Henry, eagerly.

"Thou shalt give me a bond for ten thousand pounds to insure my ship, the *Robert*, against any damage she may sustain from the rebels, when they learn I have parted with the cannon to be used against them."

"Zounds! Mr. Lawson," exclaimed Sir

Henry, "excuse my swearing—but you are enough to provoke a saint—how the deuce can you expect me to agree to such absurd conditions? I refuse them. Moreover, I tell you as a magistrate, that the cargo on board the *Robert* shall at once be seized, unless you consent to surrender the cannon. Now, sir, what have you to say to that?"

After a moment's reflection, the Quaker replied, "I have simply to say, friend, that I agree."

"I am glad to hear it," observed Sir Henry. "You will deserve the thanks of your fellow-townsmen."

"But recollect, friend," said the Quaker, "that the cannon will be of no use to thee, unless thou hast sufficient men to cover the town. Thou hast six hundred militiamen at Preston. Thou must bring them forthwith to Lancaster. There is also, unless

I am misinformed, a regiment of dragoons at Preston, commanded by Colonel Stanhope. They would be useful here."

"Colonel Stanhope cannot move his dragoons without an order from General Wills," said Sir Henry. "And as to the militia, I can't bring them here because I should deprive Preston of its main defence."

"That is unfortunate," observed the Quaker. "The best fighting men in Lancaster are Jacobites, and likely to help the rebels. I would not trust them to serve the cannon."

"I begin to think you are a Jacobite yourself, Mr. Lawson," observed Sir Henry. "Since you raise all these difficulties you must order the *Robert* to leave Sunderland, and move to some other port."

"I can't do it, friend," observed the Quaker. "The rebels would consider the

step as an injustice to themselves, and assuredly resent it."

"This truckling to the rebels proves you to be a Jacobite," said Sir Henry, angrily; "but I will consult my brother magistrates, Mr. Rigby and Colonel Charteris, and if they are of my opinion, we will issue a warrant and seize the arms."

"Do as it seems good to thee, in regard to the cannon, friend," rejoined the Quaker. "But counsel thy brother magistrates not to blow up the bridge, as I hear is their intention. They will not thereby hinder the entrance of the rebels, since the river is passable at low water both for horse and foot, and will do great damage to the town."

"There you are right," said Sir Henry. "The bridge shall not be destroyed. Have you any further complaints to make?"

"Yea, verily," replied the Quaker. "I have to complain that a barrel of gunpowder hath been improperly and imprudently wasted by him thou callest Colonel Charteris."

"How so?" demanded Sir Henry.

"Because he hath caused Samuel Satterthwaite to cast it into the town-well."

"Perhaps he thought Sam Satterthwaite might sell it to the rebels."

"Wherefore not use it against them himself? I am a man of peace, and Colonel Charteris is a man of war. Yet methinks, the order to spoil the powder would have come more aptly from me, than from him. Most assuredly, however, I would have given no such direction."

"I can easily believe it, Mr. Lawson," replied Sir Henry. "You know the value of gunpowder, having an armed vessel of your own."

"I know its utility at this moment," rejoined the Quaker, "when an insurrection has to be quelled."

"Or aided," said Sir Henry, significantly. "Well, I won't argue with you further, Mr. Lawson. You shall have due notice when the arms are seized."

"I am not much afraid of that," muttered the Quaker, as Sir Henry took his departure.

V.

HOW THE PRISONERS IN LANCASTER CASTLE WERE RELEASED.

FAR from presenting a stern and threatening aspect to the rebels, the old town of Lancaster seemed to smile upon them as they approached it.

The sun shone brightly on the castle hill, giving a cheerful air to the ancient fortress that crowned it, and no cannon were planted at its walls. No militia, no dragoons, were drawn to dispute the

passage of the bridge. On the contrary, a great number of ladies and gentlemen were collected there, mingled with the townsfolk—most of whom were in their holiday attire—to give them welcome.

Headed by the Earl of Derwentwater, mounted on his dapple-grey steed which had borne him well throughout the whole of the long march, the insurgents came joyously on, and were received with shouts by the concourse assembled at the foot of the bridge—the ladies waving their kerchiefs enthusiastically.

The good looks and chivalrous appearance of the earl were well calculated to impress the female portion of the beholders, who manifested their admiration in the way we have stated.

Riding with his sword unsheathed, Lord Derwentwater occasionally bowed in acknowledgment of the attention paid him.

Close behind him rode his brother, Charles Radclyffe, and Captain Wogan, both of whom were thought handsome men, but nothing compared with the earl, who captivated all the ladies of Lancaster.

Entirely composed of gentlemen of good family, almost all of them young, very well dressed, and extremely well mounted, and of course not having at all the air of common soldiers, the Earl of Derwentwater's regiment caused great excitement.

Flattered by their reception, these young gentlemen bowed to the ladies, and in some instances persuaded themselves that their salutations were returned. Perhaps it might have been so, since it is certain the ladies were not displeased.

General Forster was not so much admired, and the ladies declared he was not fit to have the command of such an army; but they praised Lord Widdrington's regi-

ment, and wondered how so many fine young men could have been got together.

The Scottish nobles and the Lowland corps delighted them, but they were quite astounded by the Highlanders, with whose picturesque garb they were not familiar.

They could not help contrasting these fierce-looking savages, as they styled them, with the handsome Englishmen, and Brigadier Mackintosh, with his tall, stalwart figure and grim countenance filled them with terror.

After crossing the bridge without any other interruption, except the very agreeable one described, the insurgent army marched to the market-place, followed by an immense concourse. Here the Highlanders formed themselves in a body round the cross, and the whole of the cavalry, having their swords bared, drew up around them. General Forster with the English

and Scottish nobles were stationed in the centre of the throng.

King James the Third was then proclaimed amid the hearty cheers of the multitude. This done, the troops moved away, and were billeted and quartered in every part of the town. While the proclamation was being made, Captain Gordon had remarked a person at the open window of a stationer's shop, kept by a certain Christopher Hopkins, evidently engaged in counting the numbers of the insurgents, and entering the particulars with great care in a small memorandum book. Suspecting that the man's design was to afford information to the Government, Captain Gordon went to the shop as soon as the crowd began to disperse, and then found that the individual he had seen preparing the report was Christopher Hopkins himself. Interrogated by Captain Gordon, Hopkins ad-

mitted that he had taken down the numbers of the insurgent army, and, moreover, had given the report to his friend Ralph Fairbrother, who was about to take it to General Carpenter at Newcastle.

As Hopkins refused to give any further information, Captain Gordon ordered his immediate arrest, and directed that he should be kept in strict custody till Ralph Fairbrother was found. Fairbrother's residence was discovered, but he had already set out on his errand. A reward of thirty pounds was offered for his capture, but proved ineffectual.

Amongst those who witnessed the entrance of the insurgent army into the town were the prisoners in the castle, who had contrived to get upon the leads of the building, and saluted their deliverers, as they styled them, with loud cheers.

Several of these unlucky individuals had

been confined for political offences, and as most of them were Jacobites, they confidently calculated upon liberation.

Amongst them was the celebrated Tom Syddall, a blacksmith of Manchester, who had headed the mob at the time of the Sacheverel riots, and assisted in pulling down the Presbyterian meeting-houses in that town. For these offences the "Mob Captain," as he was styled, was placed in the pillory, and imprisoned in Lancaster Castle.

Tom Syddall, we may mention, had a son quite as ardent a Jacobite as himself, whose exploits during the rebellion of 1745 have been recounted in another work.

A consultation was held by General Forster with Lord Derwentwater and the other leaders as to the propriety of releasing the debtors as well as the Crown prisoners in the castle, when it was de-

cided that the former only should be set free.

Accordingly, Colonel Oxburgh, who by this time had returned from his unsuccessful visit to Hornby Castle, was directed to order their immediate discharge, and for this purpose went up to the castle, without a guard and only accompanied by Mr. Patten, the chaplain of the force.

On entering by the portal of the Gateway Tower, above which was an effigy of John of Gaunt, they were respectfully received by an officer, to whom Colonel Oxburgh gave General Forster's order for the liberation of the Crown prisoners, and while the colonel and the chaplain walked on into the spacious castle-yard, the order was taken to the governor.

Ere many minutes had elapsed, loud shouts, that made the old towers ring, announced that the order had been complied

with, and soon afterwards some thirty individuals, most of them very shabbily attired, rushed tumultuously into the court, and gathering round Colonel Oxburgh, shouted "Long live King James the Third!"

Foremost among them was a short, strongly built man, with a plain, honest countenance, marked by a bold determined expression, who looked like what he had been—a blacksmith.

"Are you not Tom Syddall?" inquired Colonel Oxburgh.

The man replied in the affirmative, whereupon the colonel shook hands with him, as did the chaplain, and both expressed their satisfaction at being instrumental in setting him and his fellow-prisoners at liberty.

"You have all been imprisoned for your attachment to your rightful sovereign," said Colonel Oxburgh, "and it is our duty to liberate you. As to you, Syddall," he

added, "I know you to be a brave fellow, and I expect you will join us."

"Such is my design, colonel," he replied. "And what is more, I can bring all these my friends with me. Have I said too much?" he added, appealing to them.

"No! no!" they responded unanimously. "We will all join."

"I am right glad to hear it," said the colonel. "Your friends will form a small troop, Syddall, and I make no doubt General Forster will give you the command of it."

All being now arranged, Colonel Oxburgh and the chaplain quitted the castle, and proceeded to the general's quarters, followed by the newly-liberated prisoners. General Forster was very much pleased by this accession of force, and confirmed Colonel Oxburgh's promise by appointing Syddall captain of the little troop.

That night, Brigadier Mackintosh sent a

party of Highlanders to search for arms at every house in the town. They took with them Mr. Parkinson, the mayor, a staunch supporter of the Government, and compelled him to assist in the search. Their orders were to plunder the houses of all such persons as refused compliance with their commands.

While the search for arms was still going on, Captain Wogan came to Forster's quarters, and said:

"General, I have just received information of six pieces of cannon on board the ship *Robert*, now lying at Sunderland, five miles from this town, and propose, with your sanction, to take a detachment with me to-morrow morning and seize them."

"Do so, by all means," said Forster.

"Sir Henry Hoghton intended to seize these ship guns, and bring them here for the defence of the town," continued Captain

Wogan, "and for that purpose had taken off the wheels of some of his carriages. But his design being frustrated by our approach, I have got possession of the carriage-wheels, and mean to use them as he intended for the cannon."

"Capital!" exclaimed Forster, laughing heartily.

"But something must be done to remunerate Mr. Lawson, the owner of the ship, general," said Wogan.

"Let him make his claim, and we will give him our note for the amount to be made payable when our master's concerns are settled," said Forster.

Taking a strong detachment with him, Captain Wogan went, next morning, to Sunderland, where he found the *Robert*, and demanded the cannon in the name of King James.

Mr. Lawson was on board at the time,

and at once surrendered the guns, receiving a note of hand for six hundred pounds, as suggested by General Forster, with which he appeared perfectly satisfied.

"But how wilt thou get the guns to Lancaster, friend?" he inquired.

"Very easily," replied Captain Wogan. "I have brought with me the wheels of Sir Henry Hoghton's three carriages."

"Thou hast done well," observed the Quaker, laughing. "That insolent baronet has been rightly served."

"I begin to think you have a friendly feeling towards our party, Mr. Lawson," observed Captain Wogan.

"I am of no party, friend," replied the cautious Quaker. "But I will tell thee one thing—thou hast got the cannon far cheaper than I would have sold them to Sir Henry Hoghton."

VI.

LANCASHIRE WITCHES.

NEVER had Lancaster been so gay as during its occupation by the rebels.

Instead of showing themselves hostile, as had been apprehended, the majority of the inhabitants proved exceedingly friendly.

At many houses where the young insurgents were quartered, they were treated like guests. Tea parties were given to which they were invited, and they were thus enabled to make the acquaintance of the female mem-

bers of the family. As these young troopers could not be distinguished either in manner or attire from their officers, they were frequently questioned as to their actual military rank, and gave something like the following explanation.

"In our regiment there are no common men. We serve as gentlemen, and are treated like gentlemen by our officers. But though we consider ourselves quite equal to our leaders, we unhesitatingly obey them. By us the word of command is never disputed Though most of us have grooms, each of us attends to his own horse, and you see how well the horses look, in spite of our long march. We are never out of spirits. We take the rough and the smooth, as they come. Hitherto, we have had plenty of rough work, and very little enjoyment. The 'smooth' has come at last. The kindness

and courtesy of the gentlemen of Lancaster, and the attentions shown us by the ladies, make ample amends for previous hardships."

Such was the account of themselves given by the handsome young troopers, and listened to with the greatest interest by the ladies, who thought that a regiment composed entirely of gentlemen must be victorious either in love or war.

It happened, singularly enough, at the time of the Jacobite expedition, that Lancaster and Preston abounded in pretty girls. Always famed for the beauty and fascinations of the fair sex—who have been designated the "Lancashire witches"—the whole county was remarkably rich in feminine attraction at that particular juncture.

Of the Preston belles we shall speak hereafter. For the present, we must confine ourselves to the beauties of Lancaster.

If we said there were a hundred really

handsome young women in Lancaster at the time of which we speak, we should be under the mark. We believe there were double the number, and they were all as gay and good-humoured as they were beautiful.

Since we cannot describe them all, we shall select three of the most attractive—namely, Dryope Dutton, Nicola Glasson, and Aurelia Heysham.

Had they not been nearly of an age, these three lovely girls might have been taken for sisters, so much were they alike. Each was between nineteen and twenty—each had delicately-formed features, blonde tresses, and blue eyes, capable of the tenderest expression—and each was tall and graceful. All three knew how to set off their charms to advantage by dress.

Dryope Dutton, however, was considered

the prettiest girl in Lancaster, and had the greatest number of admirers, all of whom were sent about their business on the arrival of the rebel army, their places being immediately filled by gallant young insurgents. None of her new suitors were discouraged by Dryope, but she appeared to have a decided preference for Captain Shaftoe.

Following Dryope's example, Nicola and Aurelia dismissed their lovers, and laid themselves out to captivate the new-comers, in which design they were eminently successful.

The rest of the pretty girls did the same thing. None of them would now be seen without a Jacobite admirer.

During their stay at Lancaster nothing was thought of but flirting by the amorous youths, who were completely enthralled by

their lady-loves, and had these syrens desired to turn them from their cause, we fear they might have succeeded.

Luckily, all the girls professed themselves ardent Jacobites, and if they fancied their lovers were lukewarm, strenuously urged them to go on.

As we have intimated, the town now presented a very lively appearance. Not only was the terrace near the castle thronged with handsome young troopers and charming girls; but when the promenade was over, the company wandered about the streets, visiting the market-place, the town-hall, the custom-house, the quays and the bridge, and strolling on the banks of the Lune.

On Sunday, Saint Mary's Church was crowded by the same young ladies, who expressed a great desire to hear the Reverend Mr. Paul, who had recently

joined the expedition, read prayers, and Mr. Patten preach; but it may be doubted whether they were not still more anxious to meet their admirers.

Be this as it may, when the service was over, the ladies congregated in the churchyard, and each fair girl was escorted home by the trooper she preferred.

Whether all this flirting was approved of by the mammas of the young ladies in question we will not pretend to say. No effort was made to check it. Neither did the officers of the regiments to which the young men belonged interfere — well knowing interference would be useless—so it went on to the last.

At length, the day of parting came, and a very sad day it was both for the enamoured young troopers and their lady-loves.

How many tears were shed! how many

tender adieux taken! how many protestations made of undying affection!

"We shall never see you again!" cried the heart-broken girls. "Military men are always inconstant. You will forget us as soon as you arrive at Preston."

The young troopers vowed they were an exception to the rule.

"Have no doubts as to our constancy!" they cried. "We will always remain faithful. Preston may be full of pretty girls—as they say it is—but they will have no attraction for us."

"Don't be surprised if we come to look after you," said Dryope, to Captain Shaftoe; "and if we find you false and forsworn——"

"How can you suppose I could be false to you, sweetest Dryope?" said Shaftoe; stopping her mouth with a kiss. "Think

it not. But I fear you won't come to Preston."

"Yes, I will—if I can—that I promise," she rejoined.

"Then I will only bid you adieu for a short time," he said, kissing her once more as he sprang to the saddle.

Many more partings, equally tender, took place. Many a bright eye was dimmed, as the regiments to which the handsome troopers belonged quitted Lancaster, and took the road to Preston.

Full of sadness were the young men as they looked back at the fair creatures they were leaving; and had they been told at the moment that they would soon forget them they would have resented the imputation.

We shall see how they behaved at Preston.

In quitting Lancaster, where he was so well received, and where he was constantly receiving slight accessions to his force, General Forster committed a grave error.

At Lancaster he had a strong castle which might have been garrisoned and provisioned, and could certainly have been held till assistance arrived from Scotland; while not far from the town was a sea-port whence succours could be obtained from France.

These advantages were pointed out to him by Lord Derwentwater, but he replied that his object in marching to Preston was to secure Warrington Bridge before the enemy could destroy it.

The possession of this bridge, he thought, would give him both Manchester and Liverpool, and these important towns gained, the whole surrounding country would flock to his standard.

In vain Lord Derwentwater showed him the difficulties he would have to encounter, and explained that the inhabitants of Liverpool were decidedly adverse to the Jacobite cause.

A totally different view was taken by Lord Widdrington, who assured the general he might depend upon receiving the support of the High Church Tories of Manchester, and Mr. Charles Beswicke, who had just arrived from that town, confirmed the idea.

General Forster, therefore, resolved to go on, despite Lord Derwentwater's opposition.

Several important additions, as we have just stated, had been made to the rebel force. Amongst these were five gentlemen belonging to some of the oldest and most distinguished families in the county, whose adhesion could not fail to be ser-

viceable to the cause. They were Albert Hodgson of Leighton Hall—John Dalton of Thurnham Hall—Edward Tyldesley of the Lodge—Henry Butler of Rawcliffe, and Thomas Walton of Walton Hall. They all brought retainers with them, and each was made a captain. Charles Beswicke, previously mentioned, who likewise joined at Lancaster, was son of the Reverend Charles Beswicke, rector of Radcliffe.

A dull and gloomy morning harmonised with the feelings of the insurgents as they quitted Lancaster, but as they advanced on their march the day improved, and by the time they reached Garstang it had become quite fine.

Here the infantry proposed to halt for the night. They brought with them the six pieces of cannon seized on board the *Robert*, and likewise some casks of brandy taken from the custom-house.

At Garstang, Brigadier Mackintosh set free Christopher Hopkins, who had been hitherto detained a prisoner, telling him if he again fell into his hands, he would shoot him.

Long before the cavalry reached Preston they came in sight of the town, delightfully situated on a ridge overlooking the flat district they were traversing, and the aspect of the town was so cheerful, that the spirits of the young troopers began to revive.

They had heard much of the beauty of the ladies, and curiosity to behold them was suddenly awakened in their breasts.

Could they compare with the lovely girls they had left behind? That was a question which would very soon be answered.

The young troopers now became impatient to get to Preston, and wondered whether the ladies would come forth to meet them as had been the case at Lancaster.

In this respect they were disappointed.

There were no ladies at the foot of the hill—none on Friargate brow—but in the market-place an agreeable surprise awaited them.

End of Book the Sixth.

Book the Seventh.

THE ATTACK.

I.

PROUD PRESTON.

Proud Preston—or Priests' Town, as it was originally called from the number of its religious houses—merited the epithet applied to it, albeit somewhat derisively.

Proud were its inhabitants—proud of their town—of its fine situation, its beauty, its salubrity—proud of their wives and daughters, whom they deemed, and not erroneously, the handsomest women in the kingdom.

As a place of fashionable resort, where the best society could be found, Preston, at the period of our story, ranked higher than any other town in the North of England. A great number of gentry resided there—many of them belonging to the oldest Catholic families of the county, and these persons gave an aristocratic character to the place.

But the Preston gentry were not as wealthy as they were proud. High Churchmen as well as Roman Catholics abounded in the town, and the only thing low about the parish church was the steeple. Hence the old rhyme:

> Proud Preston, poor people,
> High church, and low steeple!

Delightfully situated on the summit of a ridge, rising gradually from the Ribble, which sweeps round it on the south, and commanding extensive aud beautiful views

in every direction, Preston, from its salubrious climate, and contiguity to the sea, enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most agreeable and healthy towns in England.

In the early part of the eighteenth century Preston was but a small place, and could boast little regularity of construction, but it had a remarkably clean and cheerful aspect.

Attached to many of the houses were good gardens, and these being laid out on the slopes of the eminence on which the town was reared, contributed materially to its beauty.

The best houses were in Church-street and Fishergate, running from east to west on the south side of the hill. A few of the habitations were old, but the greater part were modern. Amongst the latter were two large mansions, standing nearly opposite

each other in Church-street, and belonging respectively to Sir Henry Hoghton and Mr. Eyre. Both these mansions possessed large gardens and good stables, and are specially referred to because we shall have to speak of them hereafter.

But there were also some good old houses in Friargate, which led from the Lancaster road on the north side of the hill to the market-place.

In the market-place, which formed a large square, with an obelisk in the midst instead of a cross, there were several good old houses; and here, also, was the town-hall, an extremely picturesque old edifice, four stories high, and each story projecting above the other, painted black and white, and having great gables and large windows.

At the corner of one of the streets communicating with the market-place stood the Mitre, the principal hostel of the town,

and noted for its good cheer and good wines. Not far off was the White Bull, another good inn, much frequented by the townsfolk.

The parish church, dedicated in the first instance to Saint Wilfrid, but more recently to Saint John, stood on the south side of Church-street. A fine old structure, it had undergone repairs, not altogether judicious, and was disfigured by a low tower. A large churchyard separated it from the street.

At this time the Reverend Samuel Peploe, a staunch supporter of the reigning family, and greatly opposed to the Jacobites, was vicar of Preston.

On Fishergate brow stood a small Roman Catholic chapel, dedicated to Saint Mary.

At the Grey Friars was the old prison; but a house of correction had been recently erected in the fields on the west side of the

town—rather a large building for so small a place.

From the eastern extremity of Church-street, a road leading to Wigan descended the hill, and after passing through some pleasant fields bordered by high hedges, crossed the old bridge over the Ribble near Walton-le-Dale.

Such was Preston when garrisoned by the insurgent forces.

With the exception of the vicar, to whom we have just alluded, all their enemies had disappeared.

Colonel Stanhope had gone with his regiment of dragoons to join General Wills at Warrington; and Sir Henry Hoghton had abandoned his large mansion, and taken the militia to Wigan.

There was nothing, therefore, to prevent the inhabitants from giving them a hearty welcome.

But as the municipal authorities, from prudential reasons, declined to act, the office of receiving them devolved on private individuals.

As General Forster and the other leaders rode into the market-place, they were met by a large party of gentlemen, who welcomed them to the town, and professed their desire to show them every hospitality. General Forster, the noble lords, and all the officers were invited to dine that day at the town-hall, and it was likewise intimated to the general that a grand dinner, to be followed by a ball, would be given at the same place on the following day, by which time it was expected the infantry and Highlanders would have arrived.

In regard to quarters, Mr. Eyre's large house in Church-street was assigned to General Forster and Lord Widdrington, and Sir Henry Hoghton's mansion was

offered to Lord Derwentwater. Good quarters, it appeared, had likewise been provided for all the officers.

Greatly pleased by their reception, the rebel leaders repaired to their quarters, with which they were well satisfied. In the mansion assigned to them, General Forster and Lord Widdrington found everything they could desire. Nor was Sir Henry Hoghton's house at all inferior to the other. Indeed, it presented a far handsomer appearance from the street, as it occupied a more elevated position. Nor did the internal accommodation belie the exterior. The house possessed a spacious entrance hall, and several commodious and well furnished rooms on the ground floor. Attached to it were excellent stables, and at the back there was a large garden.

Sir Henry had taken his grooms and

coachman with him, but part of the establishment was left behind.

After settling themselves comfortably in their new quarters, the rebel leaders proceeded to the town-hall, where a sumptuous dinner awaited them, and so well pleased was General Forster with the entertainment, with the attentions paid him, and with his quarters, that he resolved to stay as long as he could at Preston.

At the very time when the rebels were taking possession of the town, the vicar, of whose attachment to the House of Brunswick we have spoken, happened to be engaged on his duties in the church, and he seized the opportunity of reading prayers for King George and the royal family. For this display of zeal and courage, he was made Warden of Manchester, and subsequently Bishop of Chester.

No molestation or interruption were offered by the rebels, but when the Reverend Mr. Paul, the new chaplain of the regiment, heard of the circumstance, he begged General Forster to order the troops to attend prayers at the church forthwith.

Within half an hour after Mr. Peploe had quitted it, the church was entirely filled by the rebel soldiers. Captain Wogan, Captain Shaftoe, and most of the officers were present.

While the bell was ringing to summon this second congregation, Mr. Paul took the prayer-book, just used by the vicar, and erased the name of King George, substituting for it the name of King James. And in the prayer for the royal family, he scratched out the name of the Princess Sophia, and introduced that of Queen Mary of Modena.

Habited in a blue coat, wearing a long

wig, and having a sword by his side, this stout church militant proceeded to the reading-desk, and in tones quite as fervent as those of the vicar prayed for the Pretender and his mother. Had James the Third come to the throne, no doubt Mr. Paul would have been rewarded with a bishopric.

Most of the young gentlemen troopers found capital quarters in the Fishergate and Friargate, and as a great number of tea-parties were given that evening, to which they were bidden, they had an opportunity of comparing the belles of Preston with those of Lancaster.

Till then they had believed it impossible that lovelier girls could be found than those they had just quitted. Now they confessed their mistake.

That morning the inconstant youths tore

themselves away distractedly from their Lancaster loves, but at night an entire change had taken place in their sentiments, and they retired to rest deeply enamoured of the Preston girls.

II.

HOW KING JAMES WAS PROCLAIMED FOR THE LAST TIME.

NEXT morning, the town, never dull, presented a gayer appearance than usual.

Fortunately, the weather was propitious, and enabled the ladies to come forth and see the troops paraded.

After this pretty sight, they proceeded to the Lancaster road to witness the entrance of the Highlanders, whom they were very curious to see.

They laughed a great deal at the strange

dresses of the men, and stopped their ears to shut out the shrill sound of the bag-pipes; but, on the whole, they were pleased.

As was the case wherever he went, Brigadier Mackintosh produced a strong effect upon the beholders. His tall martial figure riveted their regards. On this occasion, the rigid muscles of the grim old warrior's countenance were somewhat relaxed, and he even attempted to smile. Perhaps, he was gratified by the undisguised admiration of the Preston beauties.

However, the fair spectators were best pleased by a party of young recruits who followed the Highlanders.

Raw soldiers they might be, but they were very pretty fellows, and had plenty of spirit. Number, three dozen—not including captain. Height, rather below the average—features

delicate and feminine—figures slight, but remarkably well formed.

Never did scarlet coats, laced cocked-hats, flaxen wigs, and all the rest of their accoutrements find more graceful wearers. Red and white cockades showed they were English recruits—the Scots being distinguished by cockades of blue and white.

All carried muskets, except the captain, who alone had a drawn sword in his hand. Perhaps he had been chosen on account of his good looks. Certainly he was the handsomest, as well as the tallest of the party.

The whole troop presented a very animated appearance, and none of them looked fatigued by the march. Highly diverted by the notice they excited, they ogled the ladies very freely, and occasionally paid them a passing compliment.

Scarcely knowing what to think of these

singular recruits, a crowd of young damsels followed them, laughing and jesting with them as they marched along.

On arriving at the market-place, where the troops were assembling to proclaim King James, the recruits created quite a sensation—especially among certain young gentlemen in Lord Derwentwater's regiment, who stared at them in astonishment, and could scarcely believe their eyes. Their perplexity afforded the recruits great amusement, but they pretended not to recognise them, and did not return their signs and gestures.

Equally astonished was Captain Shaftoe when he beheld the troop; but quickly recovering himself, he rode up to General Forster and obtained his permission to place the recruits near the cross.

For this service he received the thanks of the handsome young captain, but he did

not tarry to talk to him then, or ask for any explanation, for the Highlanders were gathering around.

Nothing could be better than the position thus gained by the recruits, for they were close to General Forster and the English and Scottish nobles, and could see everything. What is more, they themselves could be seen. In fact, they were conspicuous objects in the picture, and really contributed to its effect. Stationed elsewhere, they would have been lost, for the place was entirely filled with the military and the townsfolk.

When the proclamation was made such a shout arose as had never been heard in that place before. Kerchiefs were waved from the windows of the town-hall, which were garnished with fair dames, and a host of gentlemen ranged in front of the building, made their voices heard above the general

din. The enthusiasm pervaded all classes, and a more exciting scene cannot be imagined.

This was the last time that such shouts were heard in England. Never again was King James proclaimed by the insurgent forces.

III.

THE COUNTESS AND DOROTHY ARRIVE AT PRESTON.

General Forster's utter incapacity as a leader had now become manifest to all. He drank as hard during the march, as he had been accustomed to do at Bamborough, and after these potations his head could not be very clear in the morning. Had it not been for Colonel Oxburgh, who acted for him, many ruinous mistakes must have occurred. Remonstrances, however, were useless. To argue

with him only made him more determinately obstinate. Right or wrong, he would have his own way. The only person he would listen to was Lord Widdrington, who knew how to humour him.

This state of things at head-quarters filled Lord Derwentwater with the gravest apprehension, for he foresaw that the general's blundering and obstinacy must expose them to a chance of defeat, whenever an engagement with the enemy should occur.

But Forster's indifference to the danger of his position was quite as remarkable as his stupidity. Although informed on the day after his arrival at Preston, that General Wills was marching to Wigan with several regiments of dragoons, and some regiments of foot, he refused to believe the intelligence, and took no pains to verify it. Neither did he seem willing to credit the report that General Carpenter was march-

ing against him from Newcastle. So delighted was he with Preston, with his quarters, with the hospitality of the inhabitants, and the general attractions of the place, that he was in no hurry to leave. Like the gentlemen troopers he had submitted to feminine fascination, and short as had been his stay, Mrs. Scarisbrick, a charming young widow, already held him in thrall.

It seemed, indeed, to be the design of the Preston belles to captivate all the insurgent leaders, and many a tender glance was thrown at Lord Derwentwater by some of the fairest ladies of the place. But he was proof against all their allurements.

Shortly after the proclamation had taken place, when the crowd dispersed, and the soldiers had returned to their quarters, two ladies, both young, and very handsome,

well mounted, habited in elegant riding-dresses, attended by an elderly personage, who almost looked like a priest, and followed by a middle-aged man-servant and a couple of grooms, each having a valise fastened to the saddle, entered Preston by the avenue connected with the Lancaster road, and proceeded to the market-place, where they halted to make inquiries respecting Lord Derwentwater's quarters, and having ascertained that he occupied Sir Henry Hoghton's house in Church-street, they went thither.

These ladies attracted considerable attention as they rode along, but no one could tell who they were, until they were recognised by some of the gentlemen soldiers, as the Countess of Derwentwater and Miss Forster, the general's sister. It was conjectured that the grave-looking personage who rode beside them might be Father

Norham, the earl's chaplain, and the old man-servant Mr. Newbiggin, the butler at Dilston.

When the arrival of the countess and Miss Forster became known it caused a great sensation in the place, and the news soon reached General Forster, who chanced to be walking at the time with Mrs. Scarisbrick in the Fishergate.

The news did not seem altogether agreeable to him, but Mrs. Scarisbrick was delighted, and said she should be enchanted to make the acquaintance of the two ladies; whereupon, the complaisant general offered to introduce her to them forthwith, and begged her to accompany him to Lord Derwentwater's quarters, where it was certain they would be found.

As the countess wished to take her husband by surprise, no announcement of her arrival was made to him. Alone, in a room

at the back of the house, and engaged in writing a letter, he did not perceive her entrance; but when he raised his eyes, and beheld her standing beside him, he uttered a cry of delight, and springing up, clasped her to his breast.

"How strange!" he exclaimed, after the first expressions of delight were over. "I was just writing to you to say I wished I had the power to conjure you here, and as if in answer to the summons, you appear."

"You are certainly the enchanter, who has brought me here," she replied, smiling. "But I am not alone?" she cried. "Father Norham is with me, and Newbiggin; and I have also brought Dorothy Forster to see her brother."

"Dorothy is much wanted," he replied. "But tell me how you got here? Have

you experienced any hindrance or annoyance on the road?"

"None whatever," she replied. "We set out from Dilston two days ago, and got to Lancaster yesterday, just after you had left, but were too tired to follow, so we rested there, and came on to-day. Do not imagine that I intend to accompany you in your campaign. My sole object in coming here is to see you once more. Left by myself at Dilston I became so unhappy that I thought I should have died. In vain Father Norham offered me all the consolation in his power. I consulted Dorothy—told her how wretched I was—that I was resolved to see you again, cost what it might—and she agreed to accompany me. Finding nothing could turn me from my purpose, Father Norham likewise volunteered to attend me — nor could I

leave Newbiggin behind. I hope I have not done wrong in bringing him. There are plenty of faithful servants to take care of the castle during my absence. But what excellent quarters you have got. This is really a charming house."

"Yes, I believe it is the best in the town. It belongs to Sir Henry Hoghton, who commands the Lancashire militia. He is gone to Wigan, where he expects to be joined—if he has not been already joined—by General Wills, with several regiments of dragoons. Our foes you see are close at hand, yet they might be a hundred miles off for aught Forster seems to care. If I had the command of the army, I should have fortified myself at Lancaster, but Forster decided otherwise. Now we may have to stand an assault here. And Wills is not our only enemy. General Carpenter is advancing

from Newcastle, and possibly may overtake us, ere we leave Preston."

"What if he does?" said the countess. "You have no reason to fear him."

"With Forster at our head, we shall never win a battle," said the earl.

"You are dispirited, my dear lord," observed the countess; "and I think without reason."

"I wish I could think so," he rejoined, sadly. "But I cannot. With such a general as Forster we shall do no good. But where are Dorothy and Father Norham?"

"I left them in the large room opening from the hall," she replied.

"I must go and bid them welcome," said the earl. "I am rejoiced that Dorothy has come. She has great influence with her brother, and may extricate us from the dreadful dilemma in which we are placed."

"Finding your quarters so good, I have asked her to stay with me here," said the countess. "I don't think she will be in the way."

"Not in the least," replied the earl. "There is room for a dozen more. My brother Charles is the only person in the house with me, and nothing can be more agreeable to him than Dorothy's society. By-the-bye, I must tell you that since his arrival here, the general has fallen desperately in love with a fair widow—Mrs. Scarisbrick. I mention the matter because I have no doubt you will soon see her. She is really very handsome, as are all the Preston women, who have made sad work with most of the young men in my regiment. They are half crazed about them. But come along, sweetheart. We must not remain talking here. I want to see Dorothy and Father Norham."

Newbiggin was standing in the passage as the earl came forth with the countess, and received a very kindly greeting from his lordship.

"I am very glad to see you, Newbiggin," said Lord Derwentwater. "I haven't time to talk to you now, but I shall have a good deal to say to you, when I am more at leisure."

"Has your lordship any orders to give me?" inquired the butler.

"Yes. Select a good room for Miss Forster, and another for Father Norham, and let all be got ready for them without delay."

"It shall be done, my lord," replied the butler. "Your lordship will find them in this room," he added, opening the door of a spacious and well-furnished apartment.

IV.

MRS. SCARISBRICK.

As the earl entered Father Norham advanced to meet him, and saluting him affectionately, gave him his benediction. This little ceremony over, Lord Derwentwater addressed himself to Dorothy, expressing his delight at seeing her, and thanking her for her kindness in accompanying the countess on the hazardous expedition.

"I only hope you will have no cause to

regret your obliging compliance with her wishes," he said. "I hope you will stay with her here, for I really think you will be better off in this house than in the general's quarters."

"Oh! yes, Dorothy will stay with me I'm quite sure," cried the countess. "I can't part with her."

Dorothy gladly assented to the arrangement, which indeed was very agreeable to her, and this matter being settled, the earl again addressed himself to Father Norham, and told him he was happy in being able to offer him such excellent accommodation.

"You shall have as good a room as you have been accustomed to at Dilston," he said.

"I beg your lordship not to trouble yourself on my account," replied the priest. "I care not where I am lodged."

Just then, Newbiggin came in and an-

nounced General Forster and Mrs. Scarisbrick, and next moment the general made his appearance with the young widow.

While he presented her to the countess and his sister, the priest retired to the further end of the room.

Both ladies were very much struck by Mrs. Scarisbrick's beauty and liveliness. She did not seem more than five-and-twenty. She was a blonde, with very fine eyes and pretty features, and had a graceful figure, set off by a charming dress.

She appeared exceedingly good-natured, and was certainly very desirous to please. Indeed her manner was so engaging that both ladies were delighted with her. The only thing that surprised Lady Derwentwater was that she could tolerate such a man as Forster.

"I hope your lordship and Miss Forster will like Preston," she said after her pre-

sentation to them by the general. "We will do our best to amuse you. In spite of war's alarms, a good deal is going on. To-night there will be a grand ball at the town-hall. I have no doubt it will be a very gay affair. All the officers will be present."

"And some of the loveliest women you ever beheld," said the general. "I never knew what beauty was till I came to Preston."

"Don't mind what the general says," observed Mrs. Scarisbrick. "He thinks too much of us."

"I can't think too much of you," sighed Forster.

"Ah! you flatter," said the widow. "However, if Lady Derwentwater and Miss Forster will honour the ball with their presence, they will be able to judge for themselves."

"Shall we go to this ball?" said the countess to the earl.

"By all means," he replied. "It will be very numerously attended. In addition to the officers, all my gentlemen soldiers will be there."

"Yes, there will be plenty of military," observed General Forster. "Your ladyship may think I am jesting, but I assure you there is not an officer or a trooper in the Northumbrian regiments, who isn't in love."

"Beginning with the general himself," remarked the countess.

"Yes, I own the soft impeachment," he replied.

Mrs. Scarisbrick affected not to hear the observation, and said to Lady Derwentwater:

"I must congratulate your ladyship on the house you have got. 'Tis the best in the place."

"So I fancied," said the countess. "Sir Henry Hoghton must have been very sorry to quit it."

"He was driven out by General Forster's approach," laughed Mrs. Scarisbrick.

"Do you know him?" inquired the countess.

"Intimately," replied Mrs. Scarisbrick; "and like him very much. But he has one great fault. He is a Whig and a Hanoverian."

"Then I presume you are a Jacobite?" said the countess.

"As ardent a Jacobite as your ladyship," replied Mrs. Scarisbrick.

"I know you are very well informed, Mrs. Scarisbrick," observed Lord Derwentwater. "What think you of the news that General Wills has arrived at Wigan?"

"I don't believe it," she replied. "Had it been the case, I must have heard of it.

There are all sorts of disquieting rumours at present—but General Forster needn't trouble himself about them."

"I don't," said Forster, emphatically.

"You may depend upon having early information from me," said Mrs. Scarisbrick. "I have friends at Wigan who will be sure to send me word if anything is to be apprehended. You may therefore rest quite easy."

"Nevertheless, I think you ought to advance to-morrow, general," observed Lord Derwentwater.

"To-morrow!" exclaimed Mrs. Scarisbrick. "I am sure Lady Derwentwater will never consent to that."

"I would if there were any necessity for the step," rejoined the countess.

"But there is none—none whatever!" said Mrs. Scarisbrick.

"You say you are a particular friend of

Sir Henry Hoghton, Mrs. Scarisbrick," remarked Lord Derwentwater. "May I ask whether you have heard from him since he left?"

"I had a letter from him this very morning," she replied.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the countess and Dorothy.

"I showed it to General Forster, as he will tell you," pursued Mrs. Scarisbrick. "But Sir Henry doesn't say a word about General Wills."

"Not very likely he would," remarked Dorothy.

"There I differ with you," said the general. "I am certain he would."

"So am I," said Mrs. Scarisbrick. "Besides, I have other correspondents as well as Sir Henry, and I am confident they would have sent me information of so important a circumstance."

"Then you think we may rest easy for the present?" observed Dorothy.

"Perfectly," said Mrs. Scarisbrick. "You shall have timely information of any danger from me."

"No need to send a spy to Wigan to watch the enemy's movements," observed Forster, with a laugh. "I get all the information I require without trouble."

"So it seems," remarked Lord Derwentwater. "But I again counsel an immediate march on Wigan."

"Nay, nay, let us rest quietly here for a day or two, and enjoy ourselves," said Forster. "We can't have better quarters. Preston has a hundred recommendations that no other place possesses. And since the countess has joined us, I shouldn't have thought your lordship would desire to move. What says your ladyship?" he added, appealing to her.

"I should certainly like to remain here for a day or two, if it can be done with safety," she replied.

"It can — I'll answer for it," said Forster; "and since I am responsible for any mistake, you may be sure I shall be careful."

"Trust to me," said Mrs. Scarisbrick. "Depend upon it I will procure information of the enemy's movements."

"Is she to be relied on?" whispered Dorothy to the earl.

"I cannot tell," he replied in the same tone. "But your brother is so bewitched that he will never move. You must look after him."

V.

IMPORTANT RECRUITS.

Just then a great tumult was heard outside, and the ladies flew to the windows, which looked upon the street, to see what was the matter.

The disturbance was caused by the arrival of some five or six well-mounted gentlemen, each attended by a dozen armed retainers on horseback, so that they formed quite a troop. A shouting crowd followed them, adding to the noise.

General Forster, who had likewise rushed to the window, was greatly delighted by the sight, since it could not be doubted that these gentlemen had come to join his forces. They had stopped at the entrance to his quarters, and were told by one of the sentinels stationed at the gate, that the general was then at Lord Derwentwater's house on the opposite side of the street.

At this juncture, however, Lord Widdrington came forth, and shook hands very heartily with one of the recruits, a very fine-looking man.

"Who is that handsome and distinguished-looking person?" said the countess to her lord, who had followed her to the window.

"That is Mr. Townley, of Townley," replied the earl. "He is Lord Widdrington's brother-in-law, and belongs to one of

the oldest families in Lancashire. I am rejoiced to see him here."

"And so am I!" cried Forster, joyfully. "Mr. Townley is a great acquisition. But who is the person next him?"

"I can tell you," replied Mrs. Scarisbrick. "He is Mr. Shuttleworth of Shuttleworth Hall, and belongs to as old a family as Mr. Townley."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Forster.

"The gentleman next him," said Father Norham, who had now come up, "is Sir Francis Anderton, of Lostock Hall—a strict Roman Catholic. I know him well. Next him is another Roman Catholic, Mr. Richard Chorley, of Chorley."

"Who comes next?" inquired Forster.

"Mr. Gabriel Hesketh, of Whitehall, near St. Michael's-le-Wyre," replied Mrs. Scarisbrick. "The young gentleman with him is his son, Mr. Cuthbert Hesketh.

Then comes Mr. John Leyburne, of Natesby Hall."

"But one remains—Mr. Ralph Standish, of Standish," said Lord Derwentwater, "He is nearly related to Mr. Townley."

"All these gentlemen belong to the old religion," observed Father Norham.

"It must be owned that the Roman Catholics have proved loyal to King James," said Forster.

"If the High Church Tories support us equally well we cannot fail," said Lord Derwentwater.

"Oh! we are quite sure of them," said Forster. "But I must go and receive our distinguished recruits. I must beg your lordship to come with me," he added to Lord Derwentwater.

They were about to leave the room, when the door was thrown open and Lord Widdrington entered with Mr. Townley,

whom he presented to General Forster, stating that he was come to join the insurgent force, and Forster had scarcely welcomed him, when the other gentlemen came in, and were presented in like manner.

This little ceremony gone through, Forster expressed his high gratification at the adherence of such distinguished persons, and said:

"To prove how sensible I am of the importance of your accession, gentlemen, you will understand that you all join with the rank of captain, and I am quite certain you will do credit to the troops you will command."

This courteous act, as judicious as good-natured, gave great satisfaction to the gentlemen, and was suitably acknowledged.

Lord Derwentwater then came forward, and welcomed them in his turn, offering to

provide them all with quarters in his large house.

"My servants will show you the rooms I have to spare, gentlemen," he said, "and if you like them, they are quite at your disposal."

Thanks were offered his lordship for the obliging offer, but it was eventually arranged that Mr. Townley and Mr. Standish should be quartered with General Forster, while the others gladly agreed to become Lord Derwentwater's guests.

These matters being arranged, the gentlemen were presented by his lordship to the countess, and by General Forster to his sister and Mrs. Scarisbrick.

Shortly afterwards another arrival took place. This was Mr. Richard Gascoigne, a Roman Catholic gentleman, belonging to an Irish family of some distinction. A

person of very refined manners, Mr. Gascoigne was a friend of Colonel Oxburgh, by whom he was presented to General Forster, and like those who had preceded him was complimented with the rank of captain. Mr. Gascoigne was very handsome, and seemed to make a favourable impression upon the ladies—particularly upon Mrs. Scarisbrick. The general offered him quarters, which he very gladly accepted.

Several other important additions were made to the force in the course of the day; but it was remarked that they were all Roman Catholics. Notwithstanding the promises of support from that party, not a single High Church Tory joined.

When questioned as to this strange falling off on the part of his friends, General Forster declared he could not account for it. However it was quite clear that the

insurgent army was considerably augmented.

On the second day after their arrival at Preston, the rebels numbered more than four thousand men.

VI.

THE BALL AT THE TOWN-HALL.

THOUGH little time had been allowed for its preparation, the ball at the town-hall was really very brilliant. The rooms were large, but crowded to excess, and space could with difficulty be found for the dancers. As the greater part of the male guests were military, their varied costumes added materially to the effect of the scene. The leaders of all the English and Scot-

tish regiments were present, and though Brigadier Mackintosh rarely appeared at such an assembly, his tall figure could be descried amid the gay throng.

As a matter of course, General Forster was there—in fact, he was looked upon as the most important guest, and the greatest attention was paid him by the master of the ceremonies and the stewards, but he seemed entirely engrossed by Mrs. Scarisbrick.

The two ladies who attracted most attention by their beauty and grace were the Countess of Derwentwater and Dorothy Forster. Both looked charming. They had not come prepared for such a ball, but their dresses were very becoming. They were attended by Lord Widdrington, Charles Radclyffe, and several of the Scottish nobles. Lord Derwentwater was not very far off, but he was engaged in

converse with Mr. Townley, Mr. Standish, and Sir Francis Anderton.

At this ball all the beauty of Preston was displayed, and no town in the county—perhaps no town in the kingdom—could have made such a display.

The Preston ladies had a witchery about them that very few of the opposite sex could resist. Wherein the charm consisted we cannot say exactly—but since most of them had extremely fine eyes, their glances may have had something to do with it. Be this as it may, the effect of the fascination was manifest. All submitted to the influence—the old campaigner as well as the young recruit. Every damsel appeared to have an admirer—some half a dozen.

Whatever political opinions they had heretofore entertained, the ladies were all now staunch adherents of King James, who could not, they declared, be better represented than

by his army, and that army must not be in a hurry to depart. So far from desiring to go, the gallant young troopers declared they should like to remain at Preston for ever.

At the special request of Captain Shaftoe, the handsome young recruits from Lancaster had been invited, and they caused quite as great a sensation as they had done on their arrival at the town. They had no difficulty in obtaining partners, for all the young ladies were anxious to dance with them, and it must be owned that they danced with remarkable spirit and grace. A cotillon in which they figured with some of the prettiest girls in the room, was the great success of the evening.

"Who are those smart young fellows?" inquired Mrs. Scarisbrick, who was looking on at the dance with General Forster.

"I know nothing about them, except that they are recruits from Lancaster," he

replied. "They have been introduced by Captain Shaftoe. You must apply to him for information."

"They dance charmingly," observed the lady. "But they look like women."

"They may be women for aught I know," said the general. "But they have joined as troopers—at least, Shaftoe tells me so. He is speaking to their captain now."

"And if the so-called captain is not a woman in disguise, I am very much mistaken," observed Mrs. Scarisbrick.

The music having struck up for another dance the young sparks ought to have surrendered their partners, who were engaged three or four deep, instead of which they stood up with them again—a course of proceeding that gave great umbrage to the claimants; and in a few minutes a disturbance arose that threw the whole room into confusion.

The Lancaster recruits showed great spirit, and refused to give up their partners, defying the claimants to take them. The challenge was accepted, and a struggle ensued, in the midst of which screams arose, and it was found that three of the Lancashire youths had fainted. Their sex could, therefore, no longer be concealed; and it then came out, as Mrs. Scarisbrick had suspected, that they were a party of young damsels, who had followed their lovers from Lancaster.

The occurrence caused much merriment, and Captain Shaftoe had to undergo a good deal of raillery from Mrs. Scarisbrick.

Shortly afterwards, the more distinguished guests were summoned to a magnificent supper, which was served in an adjoining room.

In the course of the evening there were several Highland dances, which from their

novelty produced a great effect. One of these was a Highland reel, in which Lady Derwentwater and Dorothy took part. The countess danced with Lord Charles Murray, and Dorothy with Colonel Farquharson of Invercauld, and acquitted themselves admirably. Besides these, two other ladies joined the reel and found partners in the Master of Nairn and Captain Gordon. All danced with great spirit to the stirring accompaniment of the pipes. A Highland fling, executed by Lord Charles Murray and Captain Gordon, was rewarded by the applause of Brigadier Mackintosh.

Owing to the crowded state of the room some inconvenience was experienced by the dancers, and interruptions occasionally occurred; but, on the whole, the ball went off remarkably well, and was long afterwards remembered at Preston. Many ladies, then in their bloom, used to boast to their

grand-daughters, that they had danced with the rebels in 1715, and they invariably added, "Never was seen such a fine set of young fellows."

Amid that scene of gaiety and excitement, when all the young men yielded to the soft influence of beauty, few thought that vigorous preparations for attacking them were being made by their foes, and that within three days many of them would be slain, and the rest exiled. Had such thoughts intruded they would have been quickly banished.

But the revellers were not troubled by any such disagreeable reflections. Content with the enjoyment of the moment, they gave themselves no thought of the future. How could it be otherwise, when their general and most of their officers set them such an example!

But there was one person amid that

thoughtless crowd who was oppressed with care, and felt the danger in which the invading army stood. He felt that, if this culpable indifference on the part of the general should continue, they were lost.

Of all that large assemblage which boasted the presence of so many Scottish nobles and gentlemen—so many wealthy English gentlemen—there was not one who had so much at stake as he.

As he looked at his lovely wife, who was then calling forth rapturous admiration in the Highland dance, and felt how soon he might lose her, he could scarcely repress the pang that crossed his breast.

But she seemed full of excitement, and when she came back to him with Dorothy, he strove to receive them with a smile.

Dorothy was not allowed much repose after her fatiguing dance. She was carried off by Charles Radclyffe, who since her

arrival seemed to have fallen desperately in love with her. He told her that her image had been constantly before him during the march, and earnestly besought her to enter into an engagement with him.

To this Dorothy replied that she would not make any immediate engagement, but if he survived the campaign, and renewed his suit, she would consider the matter. The promise did not altogether satisfy him, but he was obliged to be content.

VII.

RALPH FAIRBROTHER.

Somewhat late in the evening, Captain Douglas, who, it may be remembered, had the command of one of the Northumbrian regiments, informed General Forster that a spy had been arrested, but the general was so much engrossed by Mrs. Scarisbrick that he paid no attention to the information. Captain Douglas then spoke to Brigadier Mackintosh, who at once went with him

to a small room where the man was detained.

Meantime, the spy had been recognised as Ralph Fairbrother, for whose capture a reward had been offered, and who was supposed to have gone to General Carpenter at Newcastle. On being searched a letter was found on him addressed to General Wills, giving particulars of the exact state of the forces, and making some remarks on Forster's incompetency. The letter bore no signature, but was in a female hand. A few lines, traced in pencil, had evidently been added at the ball, and this important postscript recommended an immediate attack of the town, stating that it must be successful, since Forster was unprepared.

After reading this letter, and considering it for a moment, the brigadier handed it

to Captain Douglas, who likewise read it carefully.

"Can ye guess by whom it is written?" inquired Mackintosh in a low tone.

"I can," replied the other.

"Hark ye, sirrah!" said Mackintosh to the prisoner, who was looking on anxiously, "if you desire to save your life, you will tell us who wrote this letter, and from whom you received it."

"It was slipped into my hand," replied the spy. "That is all I know about it."

"Were you not engaged by a lady to convey it to General Wills? Answer plainly."

"I betray no confidences," replied Fairbrother, firmly.

"Is General Wills at Wigan?" demanded Captain Douglas. "And how many regiments of infantry, horse, and dragoons, has he got with him?"

"You ask questions I cannot answer, captain," replied Fairbrother. "And I would not answer them, if I could."

"Very well, sir, then you must take the consequences," said Douglas. "In my opinion, brigadier, this man ought to be shot."

"Humph!" ejaculated Mackintosh. "We shall hear what General Forster says.

"I have nothing to fear from General Forster," observed Fairbrother.

"Aha! say you so?" exclaimed the brigadier. "We shall see."

They then left him in custody, and returned to the ball-room. Forster was still at supper with Mrs. Scarisbrick, and declined to have a private consultation with the brigadier.

"I will attend to business in the morning—not now," he said.

"But we have discovered a spy," observed

Mackintosh, looking fixedly at Mrs. Scarisbrick; "and have found this letter upon him."

"Give it me," cried Mrs. Scarisbrick, snatching it from him. "I will read it to the general."

"Madam," cried the brigadier, sternly. "I insist that you place that letter in the general's own hands."

"I don't want to see it," observed Forster. "I won't be troubled to-night. To-morrow, will be quite time enough. Keep it for me till then."

"You will never see it," cried Mackintosh. "I desire, madam, that the letter may be at once returned to me. If not, I shall be compelled to take it from you."

"Am I to be exposed to this insult, general?" cried Mrs. Scarisbrick, indignantly.

"Certainly not," replied Forster, rising

from his seat—though not without some difficulty. "Brigadier, I must request you to retire."

"I obey," replied Mackintosh. "But understand that I will shoot this spy. I am satisfied of his guilt."

"Do as you please," said Forster. "Shoot half a dozen spies if you find them."

"Nay, for Heaven's sake! don't let him shoot the man," cried Mrs. Scarisbrick.

"Don't be alarmed," said Forster, sitting down again. "The man will only be kept in the guard-house to night. I'll settle the matter to-morrow. Take some more champagne."

Reassured by this promise, and having got the letter, Mrs. Scarisbrick said no more. But she had nothing to fear from poor Fairbrother.

At break of day, he was taken by a file of Highlanders to the fields near the Wigan-

lane, and there shot. The new chaplain of the forces attended him in his last moments. In explanation of this summary act of justice, Brigadier Mackintosh caused it to be announced that the man was a spy.

This act might have been blamed, but circumstances occurred that seemed to justify its severity.

VIII.

APATHY OF GENERAL FORSTER.

On the same morning, the Earl of Derwentwater, accompanied by the countess and Dorothy, and attended by Charles Radclyffe and Captain Gordon, but without any guard, rode down to the Ribble Bridge.

While the earl was inspecting the bridge, and the ladies were admiring the river, and the view of the town from the spot, their attention was aroused by the sound

of horse's footsteps, and immediately afterwards a man galloped up.

He would have ridden on, but Captain Gordon stopped him, and led him to the earl. It appeared that he had left Wigan early in the morning, and brought very important intelligence. General Wills was undoubtedly there, and having been joined by six more regiments of dragoons on the preceding evening, it was certain he would make immediate arrangements to attack the insurgents, so that they must be prepared for him.

On receiving this intelligence, the earl at once returned to the town, and proceeded to General Forster's quarters, but could not see him, as the general had not yet risen, being much fatigued by the ball.

Instigated by the countess and Dorothy, the earl determined to take all the responsibility upon himself, and ordered Charles

Radclyffe to take his regiment to defend Ribble Bridge. But before the order could be obeyed, Forster appeared and countermanded it.

"It seems to me," said the general, "that my authority is set at naught. A man has been shot as a spy by Brigadier Mackintosh without consulting me, and now orders are given that a guard shall advance towards Wigan. I suppose the next order will be that the whole army shall get ready to march."

"It ought to be," said Dorothy. "You are loitering here far too long, and will be surprised by the enemy. Are you aware that General Wills has just been joined by several more regiments?"

"I do not believe a word of it," rejoined Forster. "Had such been the case I should certainly have been informed of it."

"But a scout has just returned from Wigan," cried the countess. "We have

seen him, and spoken with him. Will you not question him yourself?"

"'Tis needless," said Forster. "The man has been imposed upon."

"Then you will neither march against the enemy, nor take any steps for the defence of the town?" cried the Earl of Derwentwater.

"Not unless I receive accurate intelligence," rejoined Forster. "I am under no apprehension."

"Was there ever such obstinacy?" exclaimed the earl, turning away in disgust. "Nay, 'tis in vain to reason with him," he added to the countess.

"Your lordship will understand," said Forster, "that to-morrow I shall commence the march to Manchester."

"To-morrow we shall not be able to leave Preston," rejoined the earl.

"We shall see," replied Forster, laughing. "Meanwhile, I recommend you to

make the most of your time, and enjoy yourself while you can. There is another banquet at the town-hall to-day."

"For the last time, I ask you if you are resolved not to move?"

"Not till to-morrow," replied Forster, positively. "I am about to give general orders to that effect."

And he quitted the room.

The countess and Dorothy looked aghast.

"What is to be done?" cried the former.

"Nothing," replied the earl. "Nothing can be done. We are doomed."

The announcement that the general did not mean to continue his march south till the morrow was very agreeable to the majority of the army—indeed a great many of the gentlemen troopers hoped that when the morrow came there would be another delay. They were quite as infatuated as the general, and spent the greater part of the day in the society of the ladies. A large

party collected on the Ribble Bridge, but it was with no intention of defending it.

Another banquet was given at the town-hall, to which the leaders and officers were bidden. Amongst the few ladies invited, were the Countess of Derwentwater, Dorothy Forster, and Mrs. Scarisbrick. Since the last-mentioned lady was present, the general was quite happy, and perfectly indifferent to the future.

Besides this festive meeting, there were innumerable tea-parties, where the gentlemen troopers were very agreeably entertained; while the Mitre, the White Bull, and the Windmill were filled to overflowing with guests.

With this pleasant evening passed away the gaieties of Preston. No more flirting—no more carousing. All merriment was over.

The morrow's sun arose on a day of strife and slaughter.

IX.

PARSON WOODS OF CHOWBENT.

WHILE the whole insurgent army is feasting and carousing, we shall repair to Wigan, and see what General Wills is about.

Wigan, a very different town from what it is at present, was filled with soldiers. Besides Sir Henry Hoghton's six hundred militiamen, and three regiments of foot, respectively commanded by Captains Sabine, Fane, and Preston, there was a fine

regiment of horse, commanded by Colonel Pitt, and five regiments of dragoons, commanded by Major-General Wynn, Colonels Honeywood, Dormer, Munden, and Stanhope.

Whether Wills was an able general may be questioned, but he was an active and very determined man. Strongly built and well made, he had a military bearing, and a stern, inflexible countenance. Obstinate he was, but his obstinacy was very different from that of the incompetent Forster. He could not be turned from his purpose by advice, but his plans were carefully considered. He was in constant communication with General Carpenter, but feeling certain he could defeat the rebels unaided, his great desire was to attack them before Carpenter came up, so that he might gain all the glory of the victory. Therefore, he hurried on his pre-

parations—though not unduly so. Having a secret correspondent in Preston, he knew the exact numbers of the force, and was also aware of the utter incompetency of Forster, but he thought the chief command might be taken, at the last moment, by the Earl of Derwentwater. He had likewise some fears of Mackintosh, with whose valour and skill he was well acquainted. Still, he felt sure of an easy conquest, and was impatient to achieve it.

While General Wills was arranging his plans for the attack, Sir Henry Hoghton came into his room, and said:

"Acting on a suggestion of your own, general, I have begged the Presbyterian ministers in this neighbourhood—many of whom are well known to me—to induce their congregations to assist me in this struggle against Popery, and I am extremely happy to say I have succeeded—at least, in

one instance. The Reverend James Woods, Presbyterian minister of Chowbent, has promptly and energetically responded to my appeal. The worthy man has used such exertions that he has already got together a troop of some forty or fifty active young men. For the most part they are armed with scythes, fixed on straight poles, and bill-hooks, but they are stout active young fellows, and will undoubtedly do good service."

"Are they here?" inquired Wills.

"They are, general," replied Sir Henry. "And so is their pastor, the Reverend James Woods."

"I will see him at once," replied Wills.

He then went forth with Sir Henry, and in front of the old house, where he had fixed his quarters, he found a large party of stalwart-looking young fellows armed with the weapons described. At their head was

a sturdy-looking individual, of middle age, clad in a suit of black, and having a well-powdered wig on his head. Notwithstanding his decidedly clerical appearance, he had a brace of pistols in his belt, and a sword girt by his side.

General Wills could not help smiling when he beheld him. Still, he perceived at a glance that the parson would prove serviceable, and he therefore gave him a hearty welcome.

"I am very glad to find, Mr. Woods," he said, "that you have come to assist the Government at this crisis. Rest assured your conduct will be appreciated in the right quarter."

"I and a portion of my flock have come to fight for the king, general," replied the minister. "We will uphold him against a Popish Pretender. We are ready to take any part you may be pleased to assign us,

and I promise you the rebels shall meet with a stout resistance from us."

"They shall," cried the men, brandishing their scythes and bill-hooks.

"I thankfully accept your offer," said Wills. "I am sure you promise no more than you will perform. To-morrow morning, at an early hour, I shall march to Preston to give battle to the rebels, and you shall go with me, or rather shall march on before me—so that you can take up a position before I come up. Do you know Penwortham—about two miles below the bridge over the Ribble?"

"I know the place well, general," replied Woods. "It is on the south bank of the river, which is there fordable."

"Exactly. It is that ford I wish you to guard. I must tell you that it may become a post of danger, as some of the rebels may attempt to escape that way."

"I don't care for danger," said the valiant pastor; "and I hope I shall take many prisoners."

"If necessary, a party of men shall be sent to support you," said Wills.

"I trust we shall not need support, general," said the pastor, resolutely. "Before the day is over I fancy my followers will have got some better arms than they now possess."

"Decidedly, you ought to have been a soldier, reverend sir," observed Wills. "You would have done credit to the profession. Now, will you remain here for the night, or march on with your men to Chorley, so as to have less to do to-morrow?"

"We will adopt the latter course, general," replied the pastor. "We will halt for the night at a small place called Whittle-in-the-Woods, about six miles from Penwortham. We can take up our post early

in the morning. Have you any further orders to give me?"

"None," replied Wills. "But I hope you will take some refreshment before you set out on your march."

"All is ready for you," said Sir Henry Hoghton, advancing. "Come with me and bring your men with you."

Parson Woods willingly complied with the invitation, and saluting the general in a military style, accompanied Sir Henry to the mess-room of the militia, where a substantial repast awaited him and his men.

Thoroughly recruited, and in very good spirits, the warlike pastor commenced his march to Whittle-in-the-Woods.

END OF VOL. II.

LONDON:
C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, DUKE STREET, LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS.